The Three First

BOOKS

OF THE

PSALMS,

AND

So much of the Fourth as make up a Century,

Paraphras'd in Verse.

Set to New Tunes.

By *Richard Goodridge.*

LONDON,

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TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE

HENRY

EARL of *ARLINGTON*,

Lord Chamberlain of His Majeſties Houſhold, One of His Majeſties Moſt Honourable Privy-Council, and Knight of the Moſt Noble Order of the Garter, *&c.*

My Lord,

WERE *not the* Subject *of theſe Papers, and the* End *they aim at, of the* greateſt *Moment, I durſt not have adventur'd*

them to your Lordſhip: *For, as for what ever I may have perform'd in them, I know it to be far more beneath the Heights of the* Original, *than* David, *when he counterfeited the Mad-man before* Achish, *was unlike* that David, *who returning with the Spoils of the* Philiſtin, *was met in triumph by the Daughters of* Iſrael; *and his Conqueſt over that* One *Monſter, was ſung above the* thouſands *of* Saul. *My aim then is not* Praiſe, *which I thus unfeignedly acknowledge, not to be due: and therefore am not ſo vain, as to think they will ever be receiv'd into the place of thoſe now* us'd; *which have the ſame* fortunate, *and* ill *luck with* us, *as the Mathematicians of Old had at* Rome;

Rome; *ſtill to be* reteyn'd, *yet ſtill* condemn'd. *All I ſhall hope for, is, that having* firſt *obteyn'd* His Pardon, *who, not requiring our* exact, *but our utmoſt* poſſible *performances, will accept the faithful* Endeavours, *and pardon the* failings *of the Weak and Impotent: I may have the* like *Meaſures from Your Lordſhip; and from all ſuch* as *Your Lordſhip; who endeavouring to expreſs in themſelves the Image of their Maker, will, as himſelf does, remit to thoſe who have no* other *end but to endeavour to celebrate* his *Praiſe, and promote the Good of* others, *the infelicities of their* Succeſs. *Which I cannot but hope from Your Lordſhip, not only from Your Lordſhips Noble inclinations to ſuch*

in

in general; but from Your *Lordſhips particular Favour to your Servant; which, begun ſo many* Years *paſt, in* that Society, *to which* Your *Lordſhip is ſo confeſs'd an* Honour, Your *Lordſhip has been pleas'd to continue* hitherto; *and to look* back *upon, and know him* yet, *at that* diſtance *of* Fortune, *in which* Your *Lordſhip ſo eminently, and ſo deſerv'dly ſtands. The God of* Heaven *multiply his* Graces *on* Your *Lordſhip* here; *and aſſign* You *your* Portion hereafter *among the* Pious *and the* Juſt.

My Lord,

Your Lordſhips moſt humble and,

moſt affectionately-devoted Servant,

Ric. Goodridge.

PREFACE.

§. 1. WHAT Offence is generally taken, and how *juſtly*, at our *Engliſh* Verſion of *David*'s Pſalms into Meeter, is ſufficiently known. Dr. *Donne*, upon *that* of Sr. *Philip Sidney*, and the Counteſs of *Pembrooke*, commending *theirs*, cenſures the *other* of *Sternhold*, and *Hopkins*, and our Churches *Toleration* of it, *thus*.

When I behold that theſe Pſalms are become
So *well* attyr'd *abroad*, ſo *Ill* at *Home*;
So *well* in *Chambers*; in the Church, ſo Ill;
I ſcarcely can call *That reform'd*, until
This be reform'd. Would the *State* preſent
A *leſſer* Guift, than ſome *One Man* hath ſent?
And ſhall our *Church*, unto her *Spouſe*, and *King*,
More hoarſe, *more* harſh, than *any other* ſing?

§. 2. Some have endeavoured to make it more tolerable, by *expunging* thoſe many *low*, and *indecent* Expreſſions; and putting *others* in

their

their Places: but the Attempt is *fruitleſs.* For, if what they *ſubſtitute* be *like* the *remainder*, 'twill be *all flat*: If it be rais'd ſomewhat *above* that level, the *whole* will be *unlike* it *ſelf*; and by the Addition of *new* Pieces,

———cum vnus & alter
Aſſuitur Pannus,———

the *Rents* will be made *worſe.* Wherefore, a *New Verſion* is doubtleſs the *only* Expedient; for, if to imitate the *beſt Originals* be mean and ſervile; what is it to *draw* after the *worſt Copies?*

§. 3. There are many excellent Verſions extant; out of *all* which, if the *choiceſt* in *Each* were *taken*, and put *together*; ſuch a *Collection* would not only exceed *that* which is *now* in uſe; but *any one* particular Verſion, of *any* of thoſe Perſons, who have labour'd in them.

§. 4. For doubtleſs, as there is no Man but is much *more himſelf* at ſome *one* time, than *another*: (*Ego nunquam* (ſays *Scaliger*) *ad ſcribendum accingor, niſi ab ipſo* Genio *invitatus*) ſo there is no Man, who may not be much more *concern'd* in the *Subject* of ſome *one* Pſalm than *another*: as expreſſing, poſſibly, his *particular Wants* or *Enjoyments*; or having more affinity, either with the *conſtant innate Temper*, and Genius of his Mind; or With the *accidental* Emotions and Sallyes of it, from ſome emergent *Occaſion*: So that what he ſhall *then* perform in that

that *Fervour*, that *Extaſie*, that *Indignation* or *Agony*, ſhall not only *exceed* what *others*, *leſs concern'd*, ſhall have done on it; but what *himſelf* could have perform'd, at any *other cooler* time: And all this, in a *Natural* way; not to ſay, what *greater* Aſſiſtances may be lent, upon an humble Addreſs to *Him*, who will undoubtedly *open thoſe Lips* which beg it of Him, for no *other* end, but that they may *ſhew forth his Praiſe*.

§. 5. Beſides, they who have *indifferently* undertaken *all* the Pſalms, have ſet themſelves a kind of *Task*; and probably would not have adventur'd on ſome few *particular* ones, had they not been found among the *number* which they had oblig'd themſelves to compleat. So that though they may have gone through them *all* with great *Diligence*, yet the Effects of *Care* and *Diligence*, can never equal the Efforts of *Love*, *Joy*, *Zeal*, or other *mighty Paſſion*; which poſſeſſing the Soul, and being further rais'd and excited by the *Hymn*, compos'd by the *ſame*, (for *kind*) but by a far higher (in *Degree*) and more inſpir'd an *ardour*, the *mutual* Fire *kindles*: And as the *Hymn* awakes a fervour in the *Soul*, ſo the *exalted Soul* impreſſes *that fervour* in its *Tranſcript* of the *Hymn*; into *which*, it ſelf thus excited, paſſing to th, copies out, and arreſts in it, its *own* Tranſports and Emanations; and joyning, as in Conſort, with the Divine Raptures *there*, fixes in it the *laſting* Character, and Image

mage of *both*; which Character, that Tranſcript *bears*, and *is*; remaining an Eternal Mean, Guide, and Conduct, by which, the *penitent*, the *diſtreſs'd*, the *raviſh'd*, or the any other way divinely-affected Soul, uniting with *it*, its *own cognate* Fires, may aſcend *together*, to his Throne who will accept thoſe Sacrifices of Prayer, and Praiſe, which himſelf has inſpir'd, and kindled as with a Coal from his own Altar.

§. 6. Wherefore, as it will not ſeem unagreeable to the honour of the ſacred Poem, that all, as out of *Duty*, ſhould humbly preſent the utmoſt they are able to contribute towards the *copying* out the Beauty of the Divine *Original*: So *that Copy*, doubtleſs, will be the *leaſt reproach* to it, which ſhall be drawn from out the *choiceſt* of *all* the Offerings.

§. 7. The Reader, I hope, will have the Charity to believe, that though I have not gone through the *whole number* of Pſalms, yet ſeeing I have taken them all *indifferently* as they lye, I do not pretend to have done them otherwiſe, than as *impos'd* upon my ſelf; and to preſent them out of *Duty* only, and as to be *refus'd*; being ſatisfied in the attempt only, of reſcuing that Divine Poem from diſhonour; and to excite thoſe of *greater* Abilities, to purſue it by a *joynt* Endeavour; and to that end, to have caſt into the Common Treaſury, this mean and unprofitable Labour.

§. 8.

§. 8. Having thus let the Reader know, how *much* I am concern'd for vindicating the Honour of the Divine Poem; and how *unconcern'd* for what ever *I* may have offered towards it, I ſhall acquaint him what I have oblig'd my ſelf to in the Proſecution.

§. 9. Firſt, therefore, I have endeavour'd to avoid all *obſcurity*; which though it be a Rock, that *all* who ſpeak or write, are *bound* to ſhun; and therefore it may ſeem *impertinent* to take notice of it *here*, as of a *new care*: Yet, when it ſhall be remembred, how *Univerſal* the number is, of thoſe who are *invited*, and *bound* to *joyn* in celebrating the Honour of their Maker; *Young Men* and *Maidens*; *Old Men* and *Children*; and *all* the different *Ranks* and *Conditions* of *all* thoſe *Ages* and *Sexes*; it cannot but be acknowledg'd, that a very *particular* care ought to be had, that what is thus to be *perform'd* by *all*, ſhould be rendered *intelligible* to *all*; to the *High* and the *Low*; to the *Rich* and the *Poor*; to the *One* with the *Other*.

§. 10. In order to which, I have not rendred it *litterally*, but (as poſſibly *all* Tranſlations ought to be) by way of *Paraphraſe*; ſince not only *Proverbial*, and *Parabolical* Speeches, and the whole Train of *Verbal Alluſions*, &c. but the very *diſpoſition*, and *coordination* of Words, being different in differing Languages, what

what was *Natural* to *one*, will not only be *indecent*, and, poſſibly, *ridiculous* in *another*; but, as varying from its known accuſtom'd Forms, *obſcure* too. For *Idioms* and the peculiar *Characters* of the Language of *one People*, *litterally* rendred into *another*, are notwithſtanding ſuch traduction, *ſtrange*, and *forraign ſtill*: And, (as Coins) bearing on them the Impreſſes proper to the Places whence they came, are not *current* elſewhere: the ſtamping of *Money* and *Words*, and the Minting of *Dialects* and *Modes* of Expreſſions, being the *peculiar* Royalties of each *Place* and *People*. That which is *fix'd* in any Writing, is its *intrinſique* worth; which, as the Rich *Mettal*, reteyns its value *ſtill*, whoſe ſoever the *Image* and *Superſcription* be; and is *that alone*, which being deſign'd to be transferr'd to *others*, ought therefore to be impreſs'd with thoſe *Significant* Characters which thoſe People *know*, and *allow* of; and not rendred dark, either by reteyning any of its *former* perplex'd Original Characters; or by the *cloſe Order* of a *Verbal* exchange.

§. 11. I ſhall not give the Reader the trouble to ſhew him, how very *particularly* a litteral Tranſlation of the *Hebrew* would be concern'd in *this Caſe*; but leave him to think how differing *their* Modes are like to be from *ours*, who Write without Vowels, and read backward.

§. 12.

§. 12. As I have choſen to render it by way of *Paraphraſe*, ſo I have put that Paraphraſe into *Verſe*; for ſuch are the Pſalms in the Original, (though we cannot yet find out the *meaſures*; but we abundantly find the footſteps of a Poem in the admirable Heights, and Divine Raptures every where;) and how great a diſadvantage it muſt be for *Verſe* to be unravel'd into *Proſe*, any one may judge, who knows the bounds of either; and that there are words and expreſſions *peculiar* to Verſe, which Proſe *dares* not aſſume; as on the other ſide, there are infinite *Proſe-words*, which Poeſie *diſdains*: being adapted, and proportion'd to the expreſſing the *different heights* of thoughts and conceptions, *peculiar* to Verſe, and *peculiar* to Proſe. So that to diſſolve a Poem, and melt it down into Proſe, were to deſtroy both the *Verſe*, and the *Proſe* too. For, as the Verſe would be no *more* ſuch, when the Words had loſt their *numbers*, and their *order*; ſo thoſe *diſordered*, *Poetial* Words and Expreſſions appearing *eminently*, and *unſeaſonably here* and *there* above the *level* of Proſe;

——*rari nantes in gurgite vaſto*——

the Proſe would *cant*: You would find every where

——*diſjecti Membra Poetæ*——

the unfortunate *Spoils* of a *Poem*, which gather'd up, and diſpos'd in no *other Order* than as they

they *fell*, would look like the barbarous Buildings of the *Turks*, rais'd out of the Noble Ruins of the *Græcian* Cities and Temples; where the fragment of ſome *mighty Column* ſuſtains a *Shed*; and the Walls of a poor *Cottage*, are indifferently made up of *ill-rang'd Marbles*, and *inverted Statues*, laid in Beds of *Mud* and *Clay*: which being thus unworthily plac'd, appear more rude and deform'd, in the *wild Order*, than in the *Ruine*; for 'twas a Spectacle of *Pity* to the Beholder, to ſee them in the *heap*; but of Scorn and Indignation, in the unhappy *ſtructure*.

§. 13. I deſire not to be miſunderſtood here; for it muſt be *truly*, and with all *ſubmiſſion* acknowledg'd, that the litteral Proſe-Verſions of the Pſalms, as they are in Vulgar Tranſlations (*Latin* or *Engliſh*, &c.) conform to the Original, are abſolutely *neceſſary ſo* to ſtand, as the Rule and Canon of Scripture; by which, the truth of any *Pharaphraſe* may be judg'd. Notwithſtanding which, ſince in the Text it ſelf, there are many things *hard* to be underſtood, therefore, as the unfolding it in *other* words, by way of Paraphraſe, or ſhort Expoſition, is expedient for the better informing our *Underſtanding*; ſo it ſeems *as expedient*, that (as the Original it ſelf has given the Example) that Paraphraſe ſhould be in *Verſe*; for the better raiſing and exciting our *Will* and *Affection*,

in

in the zealous performance of thoſe Duties and Services, of which thoſe Divine Hymns are given us as the *Forms*.

§. 14. In the choice of *words* and *expreſſions*, I have taken care to uſe *ſuch*, as may be both intelligible to the *meaneſt*, and yet (as far as we were able) not *unbeſeeming* the *Dignity* of the *Subject*: remembring at the ſame time, both, who *ſome* are among the *many* who are to *ſpeak* the Praiſes; and *whoſe* Praiſes they are, which we *all* celebrate. Wherefore, though I have endeavoured that the expreſſions be *plain*; yet underſtanding by plainneſs only *Perſpicuity*, as 'tis oppoſs'd to what is *perplex'd* or *obſcure*; I endeavour to avoid that *meanneſs* of expreſſion, which is made up out of the Language of the *People*; and which, ſome by deſcending to take up, have *loſt* the Poem in the too great a *plainneſs* and condeſcention of the Style; for

——— *mediocribus eſſe Poetis,*
Non Homines, non Dii, non conceſſere Columnæ.

there being in a Poem, as in a Natural Body, a *minimum quod non* (as 'tis call'd) *within* which Size and Stature, when *either* of them are *ſhrunk*, they quite degenerate and loſe themſelves; that Poem being no *longer* One, which is ſo *indifferent* and *languiſhing*, as to be *alſo* Proſe, if the Meaſures and the Rhime were away.

§. 15. I

§. 15. I ſhould not here have reflected upon the Tranſlation *now us'd* with us, were it not even *neceſſary*, that ſome *few* of the *many* Indecencies being laid open, we ſhould be convinc'd of the unworthineſs of ſuch Addreſſes; and not henceforth dare to offer up unto God, a Praiſe which is not *comely*; and to ſpeak in his Temple *unbeſeeming his Honour*.

§. 16. We ſhall not all accuſe the Tranſlators for any of thoſe Words or Forms of expreſſion which having been in uſe in the *Age* they liv'd in, are *now* diſcontinued; that were unjuſt; ſince every Age has *abſolute* Power of repealing, continuing, or new-making thoſe words which do then obtain; 'Tis a ſufficient Plea to ſay—*volvit Uſus*—(*Cuſtom* gave the *Sanction*.)

Quam penes arbitrium eſt, & jus & Norma loquendi.

Which *words*, and much of the *Style*, are ſo expreſly the Characters of *their own* Age, that 'tis no *unuſual* or *difficult* thing, to diſcover the *Age* of a Writing by its *Language*; as is oftentimes ſucceſsfully perform'd, in detecting *Spurious* Authors. And therefore, we ſhall not blame them for *that*, or any other the *like* expreſſion, *Pſalm* 1. *v.* 1.

The Man is bleſs'd that hath not bent to wicked Read his Ear.

the word *Read*, ſignifying only *Lecture*, or *Inſtruction*;

ſtruction; frequent in *Chaucer*, and continued down to *that* Age, but left off in *Ours*; and therefore though *juſtly* to be rejected *now*, as not intelligible, yet with no reproach to thoſe who ſpake intelligibly to their *own* Times.

§. 17. That which is the fundamental *perpetual* Law of expreſſion, is, That things be *naturally* repreſented; which they *then* are, when as in Picture, the *Original*, or *firſt* Tranſcript, is as the *Life*: the firſt Requiſite of which, is *Verity*; and the next, *Decency*. Now, though in every thing Natural, there is an *innate Decency*; and therefore what is *truly* and *properly* deliver'd, is alſo, as being conform to the thing it ſelf, *Decent*; yet there is a *farther* Meaſure of Decency; which, though it have its *Foundation* in the *things* themſelves, yet the taking it out *thence*, is much owing to *us*.

§. 18. For we being ſeated as amidſt a world of *Beings*, do behold them, not only as they are *Simple* in themſelves, but as they have divers *Reſpects*, and Habitudes to *each other*, according as they are differently *plac'd*, and *order'd*; which *divers ordering* them, makes them appear to *us* (as Objects plac'd in differing Lights) full of admirable, and indefinite *Varieties*: Each *Mode* of *conſidering* the *Subject*, (as 'tis call'd) varying it; and by changing its *Situation*, giving it a *new Colour*, and *new* Relations and Alliances to *other* things. And hence, as

we obſerve how things are proportion'd to, and do *bear* to each other, *ſo* we ſpeak them, *borrowing* the Names *proper* to *ſome* things, and their Accidents, *&c.* and transferring them to *others*; yet not *rudely*, and *abuſively* inforcing them, but as complying with their own inclinations, we wed together the Beautiful, and proportion'd Varieties. And this is the great and inexhauſted Promptuary of thoſe words, and expreſſions, which are call'd *Tropical*, in the decent managery, and cultivating of *which*, conſiſts the greater part of the ſo much controverted Dominion, and Province of *Wit*.

§. 19. As *ſingle* Words are thus regulated, ſo are they when they are woven together into *Propoſitions* and *Sentences*; which are to move within the *ſame* Bounds, as of *Truth*, ſo of *Decency*; the meaſure of which, (chiefly) is the adapting the Style and Character of thoſe Enuntiations to the Subject treated of, and according to the Mode after which 'tis treated; with reſpect alſo to thoſe Circumſtances of Time, and Place, of the Perſons *ſpeaking*, and of thoſe to whom the Addreſs is made, *&c.* So as (to inſtance only in what we ſhall have occaſion *here* to *note*) thoſe *Vulgar Forms* of Expreſſion, as the Common *Sayings*, and *By-words* of the People, be not applyed to Subjects *grand*, and far above that level;

level: For though poſſibly there may be *Truth* in ſuch expreſſions, yet there will certainly want *Decency*; and by default of obſerving a fit and proportion'd *diſtance*, the Addreſs will appear altogether *Rude* and *Vulgar*.

§. 20. The ſame Laws of Proportion are to paſs through the *whole Diſcourſe*; which being inform'd as by a Soul of *Truth* and *Decency*, becomes *one thing*; true, and proportion'd to the *Subject* it treats of, (and to all, both its *uſual* Train of Circumſtances, and thoſe often *new* and *ſurprizing* Ones, which emerge upon *occaſion*; and are (as ſome particular Airs of a Countenance, or glances of an Eye, are by Painters) heedfully to be watch'd, caught up and arreſted as they fly) and throughout to it ſelf.

And by *theſe* Laws, if we examine the Verſion, we ſhall not injure it.

§. 21. We are to remember then, that the Pſalms are *Forms* of our Addreſſes of Prayer and Praiſe to *God*: *Of whom*, and *to whom*, nothing ought to be ſpoken, but with the *higheſt* Veneration; what is *common* here, is alſo (as) *unclean*; and in Offering up theſe *Sacrifices* of Prayer, and Praiſe, we are to obſerve what the Univerſal Laws of *Sacrifice* require, to chuſe them (at leaſt as far as we are able) without blemiſh.

§. 22. Not to diſtinguiſh betwixt *Perſons* and *Things*, but to ſpeak of them *alike*, were untrue, and indecent in *any* writing, whether Verſe or Proſe. As,

Pſalm. 72. 1. ——with his Son that Princely Thing.
So Pſalm 135. 11. He ſlew alſo the Kingdoms all.

How monſtrous, and beyond all Truth, is that Similitude?

Pſalm 58. 6.

The Tusks which in their great Jaw-bones like Lyons Whelps hang out.

How falſe and ridiculous is that expreſſion!

Pſalm 35. 14. (Sack.

When they were ſick, I mourn'd therefore, and clad my ſelf in

And how too abundantly *true*, is this other?

Pſalm 115. 6.

And they have Ears joyn'd to their Heads.

Pſalm 127. 2.

How is that excellent *borrow'd* expreſſion—*eating the Bread* of *Sorrows*, loſt, in being made (as) true and proper.

Feeding full hardly with Brown-bread.

How rude are the following Ones? and taken out from amidſt the *Manners* and the Language of the *Street*!

Pſalm 33. 21.

Our Soul in God hath Joy and Game ——

Pſalm 35. 26.

There! There! this Gear goeth trim.

Pſalm 49. 14.

When as from Houſe to Pit they paſs with wo and wellaway.

Pſalm 55. 16. (dwell.

For miſchief reigneth in their Hall, and Parlour where they

With

With the ſame folly and rudeneſs, they ſpeak of *God Himſelf.*

Pſalm 60. 6.

The Lord did ſpeak from his own Place, that was his joyful

Pſalm 64. 9. (Tale.

And praiſe his witty Words.

Pſalm 77. 8.

What is his goodneſs clean decay'd for ever and a day?

Pſalm 78. 38.

Yea many a time he turn'd his Wrath, and did himſelf adviſe.

In their *immediate* Addreſſes to him, they uſe the ſame boldneſs, and irreverence; as in the following Petitions.

Pſalm 31. 9.

—My Womb for wo doth ake.

Pſalm 74. 12.

Why doſt thou draw thy Hand aback, and hide it in thy Lap?
O pluck it forth, and be not ſlack to give thy Foes a rap.

Pſalm 35. 23.

But Lord thou ſeeſt what ways they take, ceaſe not this Gear to mend,
Be not far off, nor me forſake, as Men that fail their Friend.

And their Praiſes are as indecent as their Prayers.

Pſalm 139. 6.

Too wonderful above my reach, Lord! is thy cunning Skill.

Pſalm 18. 13.

Lord! at thy wrath and threatening, and at thy chiding Chear.

Pſalm 35. 10. (Thee!

O Lord! though they do ſeem full gay, what man is like to

But what follows, being neither *Prayer*, nor *Praiſe*, I ſhall leave the Reader to name.

Pſalm 20. 3.

And ſo receive right thankfully thy burnt Offerings each one.

Pſalm 22. 9.

But Lord! out of my Mothers Womb, I came by thy requeſt.

§. 22. However we may in Charity believe, that theſe Men *meant* not ſo *falſly*, and unworthily as they *ſpake*; yet whoſoever ſhall think to repeat after them, may do well to conſider, that God is in *Heaven*, and himſelf on *Earth*; and therefore to take care that ſuch Expreſſions as theſe, be not *any* of thoſe *few words* he utters; but that he firſt well weigh the *Gift* he brings, before he *lay* it on the *Altar*; that ſo he be not *haſty* to offer up the *Sacrifice* of *Fools*.

§. 23. For, can any ſober, devout Soul imagine, that being to celebrate (for inſtance) the *Power* of the Almighty, in rendring Vengeance upon his Enemies, he does worthily expreſs the *Indignation* of an *offended God*, by calling it—*his chiding Chear*?—To ſay, he made *bare* his *Holy Arm*—*and gave his Foes a rap*? And then to give him thanks in the Blaſphemy of a *Ballad*, for vindicating, not the *Right*, but the *malice* of the informer?———

Pſalm 9. 4. (grudge;
Thou haſt revenged all my wrong, my grief, and all my
Thou doſt with Juſtice hear my Cauſe, moſt like a righteous
Judge.

Which is ſomewhat like that expreſſion,

To Juſtice, Equity, and Right, he hath a great good-will.

Can *that*, or any *other* Soul imagine, that ſuch Expreſſions as *theſe* bear *any* proportion to the *Majeſty* of the Judge, the *Glory* of the Vengeance, or the *fearful* Praiſe!

§. 24.

§. 24. I have forborn to make *any ſuch* Reflections on them, as they are *too* very much *obnoxious* to; ſince it cannot be done without too great a *Levity*, and a *rallery* unfit to be affix'd to thoſe Expreſſions, which, how *indecent* ſoever they be, are yet *interwoven* with things *ſacred*. Nor had I took notice of *ſo many* (though an *inconſiderable* number in reſpect of what are left *behind*) had it not been even *neceſſary*, that by giving the moſt *ordinary Reader* ſome particular view of the *deformities* he dotes on, he might no longer oblige thoſe Perſons, who have ſo *often*, and ſo highly reſented them, to indulge the uſe of them to his *ignorance* and *humour*; that ſo at length, as the *Buyers* and the *Sellers* were ſcourg'd out of the Temple; ſo the *Language* which they *trade* in, and which ſo much abounds *here*, may be *driven out* too. Which may the more eaſily be effected, ſince thoſe *Exchangers*, and their *Wares*, did not more *unlawfully* intrude themſelves into the Temple, than *theſe* have done; And though thoſe ſeem more excuſable, as having (which we will moſt *readily*, and *charitably* grant them) far *different*, and moſt *contrary* intentions, yet we cannot poſſibly juſtifie *them*, or *any other*, who ſhall ſpeak *diſhonourably* of God, and mean *well*.

§. 25. It has been ſaid, that ſuch Pſalms as

theſe, are not uſually Sung; but the Clark *refuſing them*, takes *others*. If this excuſe were admitted, and that there were really any conſiderable number of Pſalms *remaining*, after ſuch were *excluded*, which without *Scandal* to a Pious Soul it might chearfully offer up to its God; yet (without taking notice of the *acknowledg'd* diſhonour done to theſe *Hymns*, by reducing them to ſo condemn'd a ſtate, that they muſt unavoidably *fall* to the Judgment of a poor Pariſh-Clark, when ever the *great work* of *refuſing* ſhall be ſubmitted to *his Arbitrement*) how can *we* patiently bear the injuries and loſſes we *our ſelves* ſuſtain, when ſo *confeſs'd* a number of Pſalms ſhall be raviſh'd from us; and be retein'd amongſt the reſt, only to fill up a *uſeleſs* number?

§. 26. Having thus avoided that *low* and *vicious* plainneſs which deſtroys the very *Being* of *Verſe*; and caſt out thoſe impious *indecencies* which *prophane* the Honour of the *Hymn* (in farther abhorrence of which *latter*, we have refus'd ſuch words, which having *once* born an *innocent* Senſe, our *Manners* have *debauch'd*) we have in order to our deſign for *Perſpicuity*, forborn to make uſe of *any* words which may be above the capacity of the *Meaneſt*; having therefore coin'd no *new* ones, nor taken in *any* which have not for a *ſufficient* time been naturaliz'd.

raiſ'd. Nor can I imagin that *ſuch* a plainneſs of words which aims at *Perſpicuity*, the end of *all Speech*, can *depreſs* a Style; or that *unuſual* words, with *difficulty*, and perhaps *obſcurity*, can *advance* it; greatneſs of *Expreſſion*, being like greatneſs of *Mind*, *free*, *generous*, and *condeſcending*; that ſwelling and Tumor of words, of a *dark* and *reſerv'd* Senſe, is as Pride; vainly great, and unprofitable; the Language of *Pedants*, and *Critiques*; and of thoſe *Sons of Art*, who ſpeak on purpoſe not to be underſtood.

§. 27. As care has been taken to avoid obſcurity of *Words*; ſo the *like* care has been, to clear *that* obſcurity which ſeems to be in the *Senſe*, from the great and unexpected *Tranſitions*; which ſeem to *us*, who are unacquainted with ſuch admirable ſallies, *abrupt*, and *incoherent*; but are in *themſelves* extreamly Noble; and the Evidences and Remains of thoſe powerful Emotions, which proceed from *Rapture*, and *Extaſie*: When the *ſame* Spirit animated both the *Prophet* and the *Poet*; who thus *doubly* inſpir'd—*velox mente nova*— deſpis'd the *ſafeties* of our *low timerous* flights; taking *new pathleſs* ways of *his own*; through, beyond, and above which, how abrupt and dangerous ſoever they ſeem'd, and how *leſſening* their heights were, and *diſappearing* to *us*, that Spirit ſecurely bare him. Which Tranſitions,

ſitions, though they *ſeem clos'd*, and *viewleſs*, have yet really *ſign'd*, and deſcrib'd their *way*; and the Connexions which *ſeem* to have been *made*, flow *naturally* out of the Text; and are not *Additions*, but Emanations.

§. 28. And ſuch liberty of *Connexion*, is no more than what is uſually taken in the litteral *Proſe-verſion* of the Pſalms; where (to inſtance only in our *Engliſh* Verſion) thoſe *additional* words, with which the Interpreters found it neceſſary to *conjoyn* the words of the Text, which otherwiſe would have ſeem'd looſe, and incoherent, are printed in a *different Character*; yet were before ſuch their *actual* emergency, always in *Power*, and *underſtood* in the Text: Which Additions, being moſt juſtifiable in the very *Text*, and Canon of *Scripture*, cannot be condemned in a *Paraphraſe*, or *Comment*; which has the *ſame* deſign of manifeſting the Syntax, and coordination of the *Senſe*, as the litteral Verſion has of the *Words*.

§. 29. The ſame care has been taken to keep *cloſe* to the Text, that its own proper *vigour* be not loſt in too *wide* a *Paraphraſe*; as when Spirits are too much *dilated*; Or, as when the Beams of the Sun, which have been *ſo united* and contracted as to *Burn*, being *too far* releas'd, loſe their *Fires*, and are again *diſſolv'd* into Light. Wherefore, we have made the Paraphraſe

to

to wait on the *particular Verſes* of the Pſalms, as they are diſtinguiſhed in the new Tranſlation of our Church-Bible; guiding it by *them*, as by the *deſigning Lines* in *Originals*; and as thoſe Originals are themſelves guided by the *natural Lineaments*, and exact Proportions of the *Life*; that ſo at any time, the Truth of the *Paraphraſe* may be *juſtified* by the *Text*; as the Text, *explain'd* by the Paraphraſe; when from each to other, there may be a *mutual* Recourſe.

§. 30. Nor can I ſuſpect, the Paraphraſe ſhould go *leſs* from *ſuch* an Imitation as *this*; for, though it be true, that whoever takes his Meaſures *wholly* from another Pattern, forfeits his *Liberty*; and under that *reſtraint*, (as under a ſtate of Captivity) becomes *mean*, and *ſervile*; not daring to exert his *own* Powers beyond the *bounds* preſcrib'd him; and therefore, while he thus continues *true* and *faithful* to the *Copy*, can never aſpire to any thing of his *own*, *great*, and exceeding; in conſideration of *which*, ſome have nobly, and ſucceſsfully adventur'd to make Tranſlations *better things* than they have *uſually* been, and to ſet them *above* their *Originals*: Yet this bravery cannot be admitted in *all* Caſes: Since, as it would be too *raſh* and *daring*; ſo it would be *unſucceſsful*, when the attempt ſhall be made upon the *Pſalms*; or other

Hymns,

Hymns, penn'd by immediate *Divine Inſpiration*: Where doubtleſs, 'tis not *lawful* for any one, to *take, leave out*, or *add* what they pleaſe; but adhering firmly to the *Original* (as they would do, in copying out *Records*, or the *Deeds*, and *Evidences* of their *Lands*) to tranſcribe the *whole Truth*; to raze out *nothing* but the *Veil*, which (as to *us*) was drawn before it; nor to add *any* thing, but what the *neceſſary* Circumſtances of the transferring them to *other Places*, and *Perſons*, will require, and decently admit; remembring always, that our buſineſs is only to *copy out*, and not to *Deſign*; and that the Copy, being taken from an Original that's *Divine*, (whoſe Heights are not like *our* Heights) the aims we take, can never be *beneath* us; but that *perfectly* to *imitate*, is to exceed *our ſelves*; and that *that* Fancy, and *thoſe* Powers cannot but move with the *greateſt freedom*, which are limitted by no *other* Bounds, but *ſuch* as are *tranſcendent*.

§. 31. What meaſures the *Hebrews* had for their *Verſe*, is unknown to *us*; and poſſibly were they known, *our* words might as *ill* comply with *them*, as with the Hexameters and Pentameters of the *Greeks* and *Latins*. Wherefore, in putting the Pſalms into Verſe, we are oblig'd only to make choice of *ſuch* Modes as are moſt conducing to the *End* we deſign, and beſeeming

beſeeming the *Dignity* of the *Subject* we treat of. I have therefore rejected the Verſe of *ſeven* Feet, (ſo frequent in our common Verſion) not only as being worn out of *uſe*, and therefore as being *indecent* to *us*, who have exploded it; but alſo as being *ſo*, really in *it ſelf*. For if the *whole* length of *ſeven* Feet be accounted as *one Verſe*, the Verſe is then *too long*; but if that Verſe be divided into *two* unequal Parts, of *four*, and *three* Feet, (as is uſual) thoſe *pieces* will be *too ſhort*; and (as that eminent Perſon, the late Reverend Biſhop of *Chicheſter* acknowledg'd) *of all other Meaſures, the leaſt graceful:* Who yet, to his extream diſadvantage, took that *very* Meaſure; who, otherwiſe, had he given himſelf the liberty of chuſing *ſuch* as his *own* Judgment could have *better* directed him to, there had been no need of any other Verſion but his.

§. 32. As *that* form of Verſe is indecent for its *Meaſure*, whether *whole* or *divided:* So others, both for the Meaſures of *their Verſe*, and the *Time* of their *Feet*; which makes their motions more *light* and *trifling* than the *former*. Thus that *heavenly*, and moſt *ſeraphick* Pſalm the Hundred and fourth, is made to beat the *Time* of a *Northern Jig*; a Time, ſo *indecent* for the Majeſty of *that Hymn*, that though the Language were moſt *decent*, (as it is moſt *otherwiſe*) the *Meaſure* only would condemn it.

§. 33.

§. 33. I have made choice of the Verſes of *four* or of *five* Feet (One only Pſalm excepted) each following Verſe giving the Rhime to the preceding; as ſeeming to me, more *indifferent* to be either *Read* or *Sung*, (as the Pſalms are left to the *choice*, or *abilities* of the Performer) than thoſe of *ſhorter*, and *unequal lengths*; or where the Rhime is *alternate*, or of greater diſtance. Divers of which Modes (as the ſhort alternate) ſeem too light and airy to be *Read*; being (as all Lyriques are)—*ſocianda chordis*—deſign'd *only* to be *Sung*; Nor can I think that any Perſon, how well-affected ſoever to that Verſion, did *ever* make his Addreſſes to God (or would believe ſo falſly as to imagin that it were *decent* to do ſo) in *thoſe Forms* (otherwiſe than when he allow'd himſelf to *ſing* them) which are left by *Sternhold*, and *Hopkins*. Whereas the Verſe of *five* Feet, or that of *four*, may be ſolemny repeated by *ſpeaking*; as we might inſtance, not only in our *Engliſh Epick*, from whence Tragedy borrows its Mode, ſpeaking in no *other* than in *ſuch meaſur'd* Language, (the Verſe of five Feet:) But alſo in one of our Churches moſt *ſolemn Offices*; where the Hymn *Veni Creator*, is *Verſe*; and that not *ſung*, but *ſpoken*; and alter'd from that of *ſeven* Feet to that of *four*: And we cannot doubt, but the taking *ſuch* Meaſures as are fitteſt to be *ſpoken*, may

may be uſeful, not only for *thoſe Perſons* who are naturally *unapt* for *ſinging*, but for *all* (*whatever* the Subject of the Addreſs be) and that even the *Pœnitentials*, and others of *like nature*, may be as *fervently* pour'd forth in the *Cloſet*, in the voice of *weeping*, as they may be Sung; —*cum verſa eſt in luctum Cythara, & Organum in vocem flentium.*

§. 34. But this is not to prefer the repeating them by *ſpeaking*, before that of *ſinging*; nor (generally) to *equal* it; for, our *affections* being *heavy* and *dull*, the utmoſt aſſiſtances are requiſite to be call'd in, to *excite* them; and to *help our infirmities*. Wherefore, the Pſalms were not only compos'd in *Verſe*, (the moſt exalted Language) but a *farther* height was added to them in the *Addreſs*; and the *grand* ἅπαξ, the *dark* Parable, and the *deep* Saying being open'd upon the *Harp*, was thence inſpir'd *anew*; and rais'd yet higher on *another* Wing.

§. 35. And 'twas from the aforeſaid Conſideration, *viz.* the *dulneſs* of our *Affections*, and the *weakneſs* of our *Nature*, (too apt to be *tyr'd*, by any *long* intention) which induc'd our Church to give ſo great a *Variety* to our Service: making the particular Prayers, ſhort, like Ejaculations; intermingling Reſponds, Readings, Pſalms, and Hymns: whoſe excellent deſign, if it

it were proſecuted; and that thoſe Pſalms, and Hymns, were performed in that *natural* way, which is moſt proper for them, by *ſinging*; (which our Church *recommends*, though ſhe *permits* them to be *ſaid* as well as ſung) and that after ſome *better* manner than is uſual; as the deſign'd *Variety* would be *greater*; ſo would *our intentions* be more *unbent*, and conſequently our Devotions more *quickned*. For, as any Member, labouring in that poſture which they call *Tonique*, (as an Arm working at its *full extent* over the Head) will not be able, *long*, with any *ſtrength* to continne *ſo* working, but being releas'd from that poſture, it will preſently be *eas'd*, and refreſh'd for a *new* labour: So the Soul being ſerv'd by the Organs of the *Body*, (whoſe weight *preſſes down* the Spirit) if thoſe Organs be *too long* intent upon any *one* Operation, they, as being corporeal, will certainly *tire*; and the Strengths of the *Soul* will ſeem to be abated and enfeebled as thoſe of its Organs are: But if the Soul *vary* its *thought*, the Organs will receive a new Schematiſm; and be *diſpos'd* and conceiv'd into another Form, according to the Idea and Impreſs of that *new* thought: and the *Souls vigour*, which ſeem'd tyr'd by the wearineſs of the *Organs*, will return; and be quickned by that acceptable *Variety* which refreſhes the Organs, by which it ſelf neceſſarily operates.

§. 36.

§. 36. In order to this Mode of performing them by *ſinging*, I have refus'd *ſuch* words as are *improper* for Song; for as there are *ſome* words proper for *Verſe* which are not for *Proſe*, and contrary: So there are *others*, though proper enough for *Verſe*, or *Proſe*, yet are not ſo for *Song*; ſuch are the finals in (n) where the (e) is quieſcent; as *darken*, *faſten*, *golden*; and ſometimes in the *middle* of a word, as *oftentimes*, *Even-ſong*, &c. where, if the (e) be *not ſounded* (as it ought not to be) the ſtreſs of the Syllable reſting upon the (n,) whoſe ſound paſſes through the Noſe, the Tone ſo *held*, will be very *indecent*; but if, to avoid that indecency, the (e) be *ſounded*, as when the Syllable *ten* in fas*ten* ſhall be pronounc'd as in the word *ten*der; and the Syllable *ken* in dar*ken*, as in the word *ken* (to diſcover) and that of *den*, in gol*den*, as in the word *Den* (*antrum*) *ſuch* a Pronunciation being *different* from the common one, will be *ridiculous*

§. 37. As the Verſes of *four*, or *five* Feet ſeem'd fitter to be *read* than thoſe other of *ſhorter* and *unequal* lengths, &c. as being not ſo *light* and *airy*; ſo, for the *ſame* reaſon, they are more proper to be ſet for *Church-Muſick*; ſince the Meaſures which are Originally in the *Verſe*, have an influence on the Meaſures of the *Air*.

§. 38. For, as when a firm Body is compaſs'd with a *ſoft fluid* One, that firm Body is as a *Mould* to that *other*; and impreſſes its *own* Form and Signature in the *Bounds* it gives it; So the *Ditty*, appearing as in a *Veſt* of *Air*, gives that Air its *own* Meaſures and Proportions: So that not only the *length* of each *Verſe* is ſet forth in an *equal* length and Meaſure of *Air*; determin'd by ſome *longer Note*, or *Reſt*, or Portion of a *Strain*; which ends, where the Rhime ends; or, as in the preſent Caſe, where the divided parts of four and three Feet do end; whether *with*, or *without* Rhime, (which are always clos'd with a Sembrief or whole Time); But alſo the Time of the *Feet* of the Verſe, does very often neceſſitate the Time of the *Air*, and appear in it. As to inſtance in the 104 *Pſalm*; the Meaſure of whoſe Feet is *Triple*; and will oblige any one, who ſhall give it an *Air*, to make the *Time* of that Air *Triple*. But that Triple, being not ſo ſolemn as *that* of the *Iambique* (the Meaſure of our *Engliſh* Verſe) when at the θέσις (or depreſſing of the Hand, or Foot, in keeping Time) *One only* Syllable is repeated, of a *double* quantity to that Syllable repeated at the ἄρσις or *Elevation*: But *that* of the *Tribrach*, (where *two* Sillables paſs at the (θέσις) and the *Iambique*, *alternately*; the *Verſe* compos'd of that dancing Meaſure, will be too *moving*; and the

the *Air* ſet to it, too light for *any Subject* which is in Dignity, *equal* to, or *above* the Heroique.

§. 39. Wherefore, ſince the Meaſures of the *Verſes*, and of their *Feet*, have an influence on the *Airs* ſet to thoſe Verſes; and contrariwiſe, that the Tunes *ſo ſet*, will impreſs their own receiv'd Meaſures on any *other* words which ſhall be form'd by them: we have rather choſen, in ſtead of conforming our Verſes to thoſe obſolete Meaſures, *for* the *Tune's* ſake; to take *other* Meaſures on purpoſe to *avoid* them; leſt they ſhould betray the Words to the Old levity: and to take ſuch others, as were not like to introduce any new one; not excepting againſt many *other* Forms which *divers* have happily taken, as the excellent *Pindaric* (though unfit for a Parochial Congregation, becauſe *every* Verſe is *particularly* to be ſet) nor *any other* which moving more *temperately*, are more commenſurate to the *Subject* which they expreſs; and more inſervient to the *End* for which they were deſign'd.

§. 40. And the due reſpect to *theſe*, is the *equal* concern both of *Verſe*, and *Muſique*; being grounded upon that great and *Univerſal* Law of *proportion'd Decency*; which, like the Platonick Soul of the World, being diffus'd through the *whole Body* of Nature (*magno ſe*

Corpore miſcens) is thence copied out by *all* our Modes of *Imitation*; and particularly by that of *Verſe* and *Muſique*. Which conforms it ſelf to the *Nature* of thoſe *Subjects*, which the Verſes or the *Airs deſcribe*; and the *End* they tend to. For *Motion*, which is as the *Soul* both of *Verſe* and *Muſique*, repreſents, by the different proportion it bears to the *different* Subjects, which the Verſe or the Muſique expreſs, the difference which *thoſe Subjects* bear to *each other*: the *Motion* being as the *Movent*; as the *Port*, and *Min* of Perſons, ought to be as their Worth and Dignity; and therefore to be expreſs'd after the *Rate* themſelves move. Thus the *ſtep* of the *Hero*, was not equal'd by thoſe of the Child *Aſcanius*; who follow'd him—*non paſſibus æquis*—and the *grand* and *ſlow* recurſes of the *deeper* Tones, are impoſſible to be adjuſted, by the *ſwift narrow* Purlings, and Undulations of the *higher*. And this *great Law* of Decency is, *as to Verſe*, the ground of that Rule (whoſe converſe alſo holds, and regulates all, both true, and Poetick Subjects, and their Meaſures.)

Verſibus exponi tragicis, res Comica non vult.

And, *as to Song*, it obliges the Muſician, to make the Air and Time of the *Muſique*, proportion'd to the *Nature* and *Air* of the *Subject*; which is what they call *humouring it*. So that what's given

given to a Comick Subject, must be a brisk Comick Air; and what sings the Heroique, must be high and Heroique. And therefore, since the Subject of Church-Musique is the highest, and most transcendent, its excellency cannot consist in being *light* and *airy*; but in being *Solemn*, *Grave*, and *Majestick*. The Musique, as the Verse, being to be proportion'd, as to the great *Subject* and the *End*, so to the *sublime Affections* which ought to be excited, and carried up towards it. So that as far as *Earth*, and the *Affections* to *Earth*, are distant from *Heaven*, and the *Affections* tending *thither*: So far ought we to sever those Airs, which tend to Gayety, and to Rapture.

§. 41. It would be too far a Digression to shew, how Musique in *general* excites *such* Motions in *our Spirits* as it excites in *Air*; how they *both* tremble, and vibrate *alike*; and how, as the Vibrations of *particular* Chords do *particularly* vary, and modifie the Air, and the modified Air trembles *on*, as a continued Body, and conveys the Impress to the *proportion'd distant* Chord, and moves *it*, as it *self* was *first* mov'd, by the impulse of the Elater: So *particular Airs* in Musique, impress their *particular* Sallyes, and the various Movements, and Contextures of those Sallyes, upon the *Common Air*; which, being *so* impress'd, strikes *our Sense*, as it *self* is strook;

and either finding the *ſame cognate* Motions in *our Spirits* (ſuch is the *one Harmony* of floating Spirits and Tones) cheriſhes, and advances them; or ſtrongly beating on them, *impreſſes* them. It will be enough, *here*, to ſay, that *particular Airs*, excite *particular Affections*; and (without digreſſing ſo largely, as were requiſite to ſhew the *Reaſon*) to confirm it with that one *known Old* Example, of thoſe Young Men, *quieted* by the *Dorick* Harmony, whom the *Phrygian* had *enrag'd*: (as if thoſe *Paſſions* had been *firſt* in the *Muſique*, and afterwards in the *Men*) and thence, farther, to infer, that ſince *particular Airs* excite *particular Affections*, we ought to take care, that the *Church-Muſique* be ſuch as the *Church-Affection* ought to be: *ſuch*, as by which the Mind may be compos'd, and withdrawn within it *ſelf*, from attending the Objects *here below*, to be fix'd on *Heaven only*, and the things *above*; That the Muſique be not *compos'd*, nor at any time perform'd, for *it ſelf*; (as when (poſſibly) the *Air*, or the *Compoſition* being graceful, *One only* Verſe of a Pſalm or Hymn is uſually Sung, by thoſe, who pretend to be *lovers* of *Muſique*; limitting their *Devotions* by the *length* of the *Tune*; airy alike, and alike paſſing into nothing) but in order only to *thoſe Ends* for which it ſerves; that ſo, the Mind following only after *thoſe*, and being abſtracted from things *ſenſible* to thoſe *unſeen*, it may be raviſh'd *above* 'em, and find *another* Harmony within its ſelf, beyond that of *Muſique*; when, (as Preluding to its Separation) ſhe quits all her Intereſt in the Affections *here*, and their *unquiet transitory* Joys, and begins to taſte ſome *earneſt* of her *future* State, in the *true Heaven* of an *inward* Peace and Tranquillity.

§ 42

§. 42. And it were to be wiſhed, that *all they* who truly mind their *own* Peace, and the Peace of *Jeruſalem* too, would *joyn* the *Quire:* That all, who profeſs, and call themſelves Chriſtians, would renounce all thoſe Luſts and Affections, from whence, *all*, both our *inward* and *outward* Enmities, our Wars, Strifes, and Contentions come; and Sacrificing them to the *private* Peace of each Mans *Boſom*, and the *General Peace* and Honour of the *Chriſtian Name*, would unite, as *One*, in Offering up their *joynt* Praiſes to their *Common Father*, and the God of their *Common Salvation*; That *each* would *invite* his *Brother*, (there's no Schiſme in Praiſe) in our Prophets *own* Words, O Praiſe the Lord with *Me*! and let us magifie his Name *together*.

§. 43. And doubtleſs the Pſalms may be look'd upon, not only in thoſe Forms of *Thanksgiving*, but in *all other* the numerous Modes of Addreſs, as a *Univerſal Character* of *Devotion*; in which, *all* the *Pious* of *all* the *differing Perſwaſions*, and *Languages* in Religion, may *conſent*; and ſpeaking *all* in that *one known Tongue*, may both rightly underſtand *each other*, and be underſtood *themſelves*, and (which 'tis probable *ſome* are not) even *by themſelves*. It were utterly needleſs, to ſhew, how the Pſalms, throughout *all the Ages* of Chriſtianity, have been an *expreſs part* of the *Forms* of their *Devotion*; the Great Author *himſelf*, and Finiſher of our Faith, repeated on the Croſs the 22. Pſalm, if not *intirely* (as the Tradition holds) yet the *firſt Verſe* of it *word* for *word*: His Diſciples *oft* Sung them *with* Him; and his Apoſtles *after*; and the ſame has been the *undoubted* Practice of the Chriſtians throughout *all Ages*.

§. 44. From *theſe*, and the *like* Conſiderations, ſome *Peaceably-minded*, and *well-diſpos'd Modern* Ones, have

labour'd, by extracting *particular Collects*, out of *every Pſalm*, to compoſe *ſuch Forms* of Devotion, as *all* the Societies of Chriſtians may *joyn in* without *diſſenting*, or *giving*, or *taking Offence*: Which Endeavour, as it can never be ſufficiently *commended*; ſo it may ſeem as *poſſible*, that the *ſame end* may be proſecuted, and as happily attain'd, by rendring the *intire* Pſalms themſelves plain and intelligible to the meaneſt Capacities, after the *like* Forms in which they were *firſt Written*, and according to the ancient *Modes* of their *performance*, as by any Collect that may be taken from them.

§. 45. And how happy might the Conſequence be of either! When, as the wild *Confuſions* of our *differing* Opinions, have withdrawn us into *barbarous* miſunderſtandings, and into Actions, which would *diſhonour* a very *Heathen*: So a *Union* in our *Devotions* might beget a Union of *Hearts*, and *Affections*; and make us *all* ſpeak the *ſame* Language of Charity; contrary to whoſe *Goſpel*, whatever *fair*, and ſpecioully *adorn'd*, but miſerably *adulterated* Truth, the Tongue of *Men* or *Angels* ſhall utter, will diſcover its *falſhood* by that *very Doctrine*; that Religion which obliges us *to diſſolve* the Bond of *Charity*, the *End* of Religion, and to diſpence with *all*, or *any* the *known* Practique Duties, and Obligations to *God* and *Man*, by *Perjuries*, *Rebellions*, *Murthers*; by all the *dark* holy Cheats, and Conſpiracies againſt the *Life* or *Fame* of *others*; and by all the *open* Violences and Rapines whatever, in order to the [illegible] our *Imaginations*, and the ſetting up the Idol of our own *Opinions*, being certainly, in the very Practiſes, falſe, and diabolical; and [illegible] only, and profeſs'd, by thoſe unhappily

happily *misguided* Wretches, and their *Politique* Leaders, who, under the *pretended* Enſigns of the *Lord of Hoſts*, do fight the Battels of the *Ambitious*.

§. 46. And when by *theſe*, or by what *other* bleſſed means, we ſhall have broken down all the *narrow* envious *Encloſures* which have hedg'd us out *from* each other, *within* the Churches of our *own Intereſts*, the Fold will not only be *One*, but 'twill be *Univerſal too*: For, when we ſhall be *at leiſure* from *diſputing*, and *fighting* with each other, to convince thoſe who are *without*; and when, by beholding our *true* Goſpel-temper, the *honeſt Converſation*; the *Brotherly love*; the *like-mindedneſs*; the *forbearing* and *forgiving one another* for *Chriſt's ſake*; the Infidel ſhall be able to *underſtand* what we *mean* by Chriſtianity: When, he ſhall be *no more* perplex'd *which* Party, *undoubtedly*, to be *ſav'd* with; and with *which*, *inevitably* to *periſh*; which *now* (out of the *ſeeming* inſuperable difficulties of taking the *right*, and the numerous *odds* againſt him, that he takes the *wrong*; ſince he ſees *each* diſſenting Party condemning, and being condemn'd, by *all* the *other Churches*, Militant *againſt* it) makes him fearful to chuſe *any*; and rather *quietly* to take his Lot among the *Heathen*, than amidſt ſo much Rage, and Zeal, and Malice, of Parties, and Opinions, to run the deſperate *hazard*, and *adventure* of Chriſtianity: We may hope, that the *promiſs'd* fulneſs of the *Gentiles* (which delay, *our ſelves* are in ſo vaſt a Meaſure *guilty* of) may be mercifully compleated; when, in our Prophets *own* Language, *All the Ends of the Earth ſhall remember themſelves, and be turn'd unto the Lord*; and *All the Kindreds of the Nations ſhall Worſhip before Him*. When *they*, who already *ſing* at the *Songs of Sion*

in

in that *ſtrange Land*, *without* the Pale of the Church, (for the *Jew*, and the *Mahometan* practiſe them in their Synagogues, and Moſques, ſhall, as admitted by this *Key of Dævid*, enter into his Gates with (*theſe*) Thankſgivings, and into his Courts with (*theſe*) Praiſes. When all the World ſhall Worſhip *Thee*, O God! ſing of *Thee*, and praiſe thy Power: And, as thou ſhalt have made thy ways known upon *Earth*, thy ſaving Health among *all Nations*; ſhalt have brought them out of *Darkneſs*, into thy *Marvelous* Light; and fill'd *all* the Earth with thy *Glory*: So *all Nations* ſhall flow in unto Thee; *All the Earth* ſhall be fill'd with thy *Praiſe*; and ſhall make the *Returns* of thy Glory, as Univerſal as the *Influence*.

Laudate Dominum Omnes Gentes! *Laudate eum* Omnes Populi!

Quoniam confirmata eſt ſuper Nos Miſerecordia Ejus; & veritas Domini manet in Æternum.

Hallelujah!

A Collection of ſundry of the Contents of the *Pſalms*, diſpos'd under ſeveral Heads: Whence, as from a *Promptuary*, we may readily draw forth ſuch Inſtructions, Comforts, and Aſſiſtances, as may be proper to Our particular Concerns, in the manifold Emergencies of Life; as alſo Patterns and Forms of *Addreſs*, in our Devotions of *Prayer* and *Praiſe*.

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That we are oblig'd to Acts of Charity, frm God's Benefits to us: *On* whom *to be bestow'd.* Ps. 16. v. 2. *The Reward of it.* Ps. 41.

The Brevity and Vanity of Life; And of all the Pompous Trifles here below. Ps. 39. v. 4. Ps. 49. Ps. 90.

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The

The FIRST BOOK of the

PSALMS,

Paraphras'd in Verſe.

Pſalm I.

[*Beatus vir qui non abiit.*]

1 BLeſſings Crown his fair Soul, who does not ſtray,
Led by *falſe* Counſels, in the *Sinners* way:
Who has not ſate in the Proud *Scorners* Seat,
Who *mock* at Piety, and God *forget*.
2 But in *Gods Law* hath plac'd his *whole* delight,
And makes that Law his ſtudy Day and Night.
3 He's like the fruitful Tree, whoſe ſpreading Root
Fed by the flowing Stream, yields *timely* Fruit.

His Leaves are crown'd with an *Eternal* Spring,
And God his Deeds to a *Bleſs'd end* ſhall bring.
4 But (O) How *different* is the Sinners Lot!
Like Chaff, the ſcorn o'th' Winds, wav'd and forgot.
5 Wherefore in Judgment Sinners ſhall not ſtand,
From the Juſt baniſh'd, and their *promis'd Land*:

6 For God the ways does of the Righteous know,
But Sinners Paths lead to Eternal Wo.

Psalm II.

[*Quare fremuerunt Gentes?*]

1 WHy do *confed'rate* Nations riſe,
Deſigning *mighty* Vanities?
2 'Gainſt *God*, and 'gainſt *his Chriſt* conſpire,
And 'gainſt *his Thunder*, throw *vain Fire*?
3 Let's gain our Liberties, ſay they,
And caſt their *Cords* of *Law* away.

4 He ſees in Heav'n, He ſees their Pride,
And does their feeble Threats deride;
5 And with the Terrour of his Frown,
And Potent Anger, hurles them down.
6 Deſpight of theſe, my King have I
On *Sion* plac'd, ſecure, and High.

7 I now will publiſh the *Decree*
Which *thou thy ſelf* reveal'dſt to Me;
Thou art my Son! *This day* begot;
8 Ask of Me, and thy boundleſs Lot
Shall be th' Extents of Earth, and Sea;
All Nations ſhall thy Subjects be.

9 Broke like a Potters Veſſel, all
Shall to thy Powerful Scepter fall.
10 Now therefore, O ye Kings! Be wiſe,
And Judges! Learn what Prudence is:

11 Serve

11 Serve ye this Lord with awful Fear,
With Joy and Reverence draw near.

12 Embrace the Son, and embrace Bliſs;
And pay your Homage with a Kiſs.
Shun not his Rule, leſt He in Wrath
Permit you ſtray from the right Path;
For if his Wrath on us he pour,
O where's *another* Saviour!

Pſalm III.

[*Domine quam multiplicati!*]

1 HOw, O my God! do they increaſe,
Who ſeek to rob me of my Peace!
2 They ſay, my Soul's forſook by Thee,
And that Thou haſt no help for me.
3 But *Thou* my Shield art, *Thou* my Praiſe,
Thou my dejected Head doeſt raiſe;
4 When troubled, unto thee I cry,
Thou hear'ſt, and help deſcends from High

5 In Peace I'll lay me down and ſleep,
And riſe: *Who* hurts *whom* thou doſt keep?
6 Thus guarded, though Ten thouſand were
About me ſet, I would not fear;
7 Riſe Lord! and Shield me from their Power,
And break the Jaw that would devour.
8 O bleſs thy People, who alone
Canſt bleſs us with Salvation.

Psalm IV.

[*Cum invocarem exaudivit.*]

1 O Thou! who doſt the Prayers attend,
Which from the Pure in Heart aſcend;
Who *me* inclos'd with miſery,
Didſt from its Straits and Preſſures free;
As thou art *wont* an Ear to give,
Now hear! And when thou hear'ſt, relieve!

2 How long, vain Men! will ye defame
Mine Honour, and blaſpheme my Name?
How long will you delight in Lies,
And cheat your ſelves with Vanities?
3 Know, the Lord *Thoſe*, and *only* Thoſe,
Who *love* and *fear his Name*, hath choſe.

When *I* (Lord, I thee *love* and *fear*!)
Make my Petition, thou doſt hear.
4 Stand then in awe, and fear to Sin,
Examine what does dwell *within*;
Your ſelves unto *your ſelves* impart,
And ſearch the *Cloſet* of your *Heart*.

5 Truſt not in *outward* Sacrifice,
Nor Cleanſings which from *Offerings* riſe;
Bring *other* Fires, *more* Pure, *more* Bleſs'd,
Chaſt thoughts, and th' Incenſe of the Breaſt:
And *then* in God put your *whole* truſt;
For ſuch He will *accept* as *juſt*.

6 The

6 The buſie men o'th' World enquire
For *Good*, *who'll* ſhew it us? And *where*?
O let *our Souls* enjoy *thy ſight*,
The endleſs *Treaſures* of *thy* Light.
7 Let Souls *forgetful* of their *Birth*,
Fix their *low hopes* on Joys of *Earth*,

Upon their *Corn*, and *Oyl*, and *Wine*;
Our Wealth's *Immortal*, all-Divine.
8 Soul *take thine eaſe*, lye down and reſt,
Thou haſt *enough* of *God* poſſeſs'd:
Under the ſhade of the *moſt High*
Enjoy a *ſafe* Tranquillity.

Pſalm V.

[*Verba mea auribus percipe.*]

1 REgard my *Words*, my God and King!
2 Behold the fervent *thoughts* I bring.
Hear, O my God! *either* Addreſs,
Both what I *can*, and *can't expreſs*.
3 To *thee* before the day is born
My Prayers aſcend, *chaſte* as the *Morn*;
4 Chaſte as the Morn they riſe, for thou
Wilt *no Impurity* allow.

Sin can *no more* dwell in *thy* ſight,
Than Darkneſs in the face of Light;
5 Nor in thy Preſence ſhall remain
The *Fooliſh* Perſon, or the *Vain*.
6 Who thirſt for *Blood*, the *Men* of *Prey*,
And they who kill the *guileful* way;

The *ſmooth deceiver* too ſhall fall,
And from thy *Preſence* periſh all.

7 But I with humble confidence
That thou with frailty's wilt diſpenſe,
In reverence and holy fear,
Will to thy Sacred Houſe draw near.
8 Lord, lead me in thy Righteouſneſs,
Becauſe of theſe mine Enemies;
Guard and make plain thy Servants way
From the cloſe Ambuſhes they lay.

9 For in their Mouths no truth's contain'd,
With Guile their very Souls are ſtain'd;
Their Throat, like Monſters that devour,
Is as a gaping Sepulcher;
Whilſt their fair, ſmooth, diſſembling *Tongue*
Speaks *kindly*, and does no Man *wrong*.
10 Deſtroy them, Lord! and let them all
By their own faithleſs Counſels fall.

I'th' midſt of their Impiety
Caſt out theſe Rebels againſt *thee*.
11 But let all thoſe who truſt in thee,
12 Rejoyce and ſing inceſſantly;
For thoſe who love thee, thou wilt bleſs,
And 'gainſt their pow'rful Enemies,
Thy *mighty* favour, as a *ſhield*,
Will *cover* them, and ſafety yield.

Psalm VI.

[*Domine ne in furore.*]

1 SPare, Lord! nor while thy Wrath does burn,
Puniſh my Guilty Soul; O turn!
2 Have *Mercy*, Lord! In *Mercy* ſpeak!
3 Pity the frailties of the weak.
O heal me! for my *Bones* are vex'd,
But my griev'd *Soul* far *more* perplex'd.
How long, my God! my God! How long
Wilt thou my killing griefs prolong?

4 O turn! and me to favour take,
And ſave me, for thy Mercies ſake.
5 For none of thee remembrance have
In the *Oblivion* of the Grave;
Or *who* with Praiſe will honour thee
I'th Land where all things cover'd lye?
6 Lord, I am weary of my Groans,
My languiſhing extended Moans:

Night yields no reſt, my floating Bed
With ſprings of Tears is watered.
7 Sorrow has thrown a *veil* on me,
And *hid* me in *deformity*;
My Eyes grow *dim*, *griefs* early Age
Haſtes through my pains, and my Foes rage.
8 Away, Servants of Sin, away!
He hears! God hear me now I Pray.

9 My humble plaints, my fervent moan,
Admitted are before his Throne;
10 My Foes ſhall periſh, they ſhall all
Flee back, and in confuſion fall.

Pſalm VII.

[*Domine Deus Meus!*]

1 MY God! I put my truſt in thee,
O ſave me from mine Enemy;
2 Leſt he my Soul in pieces tear,
As a Wild Beaſt, when *no* help's near.
3 To thee (juſt Judge!) I do appeal,
4 If I for *Good* have rendred *Ill*;
If, *Love* revenge, I did not *free*
My *baſe* and *cauſeleſs* Enemy;

5 Then let mine Enemy purſue,
O'ertake, and my *falſe* Soul ſubdue;
My *hated* Life ſeize as his *Prey*,
And in the *Duſt* mine *Honour* lay.
6 Riſe, Lord! in thy juſt Wrath ariſe
Againſt my raging Enemies;
Riſe for me in my Righteous Cauſe,
And Judge them by thy ſtabliſh'd Laws.

7 So ſhall the poor Oppreſs'd to thee,
The God of their known refuge, flee;
When they th' *Examples* thou ſhalt make
Of *Vengeance* ſee; riſe for *their* ſake.
8 And let thy Sentence paſs'd on me,
Regard my Soul's Integrity;

9 Thus,

9 Thus, *ever* let the *Sinner Bleed*,
And *ever* be the *Righteous freed*.

For thou behold'ſt the *inward* Parts,
The Candor, or the Stains of *Hearts*;
10 My help from *thee alone* is ſent,
Who doſt preſerve the Innocent.
11 God is a Righteous Judge, moſt ſtrong,
But Patient, and from vengeance, long;
And God, (How does his vengeance ſtay!)
God is provoked every day.

12 But if Man *will not* turn, then know,
13 He takes his Sword, He bends his Bow,
His Shafts againſt their *Face* preſents,
And all Death's dreadful Inſtruments.
14 Th' ungodly's wicked to *no end*,
He's *big* with Sin, but brings forth *Wind*;
15 Contrives, and digs a ſubtle Pit,
And falls into the *midſt* of it.

16 His Engines do *recoil*, and all
Their fury on *himſelf* does fall;
The miſchief which *himſelf* has bred,
Shall cruſh his *own* condemned Head.
17 And now, thus freed, My God I'll bleſs,
According to his Righteouſneſs;
And my juſt Praiſes ſhall advance
The God of my Deliverance.

Psalm VIII.

[*Domine Deus noſter.*]

1 HOw, *through the World* is thy loud Name proclaim'd,
And *'bove the Heav'ns* thy boundleſs Glory fam'd,
O our Great *Maker*! Our Great *Governour*!
2 Thy Glorious Name *Sucklings* and *Infants* praiſe,
Who from their *ſilence* doſt *Convictions* raiſe,
To *Charm Blaſphemers*, and *aſſert thy* Power.
3 When th' *Heav'ns* I view, and thoſe fair Orbs of (Light,
The *Moon*, and *Stars* diſtinguiſhing the Night;
Which by *thy Power* and *Wiſdom* ſtabliſh'd are;
I then reflect on *Man*; Lord! what is *He*?
4 What is the *Son of Man*, that *He* ſhould be
So *great* a *part* of the *Almighty's* Care?

5 Thou *next* thoſe *Winged Miniſters* of Light,
This *Second* Order, *Man*, *leſs* High, *leſs* Bright,
In *Glory* and in *Magnitude* doſt Crown,
6 And over *all* thy Works *Him Prince* haſt ſet;
And having *all things* put beneath his Feet,
Haſt given to *him* the *ſole* Dominion.

7 All Cattel of the *Paſtures* and the *Fields*,
8 Fiſhes and Birds, thoſe *floating Regions* yield,
Of *Sea* and *Air*, are Subjects of his Power.
9 *Through* all the World be thy loud Name proclaim'd,
And *'bove* the Heav'ns thy boundleſs Glory fam'd,
O our Great *Maker*! Our Great *Governour*!

Pſalm

Psalm IX.

[*Confitebor tibi Domine.*]

1 WIth my *whole* Heart, O Lord! I *thee*
And thy *Great Deeds* will magnifie.
2 Thy Name I'll bleſs, O though moſt High!
And all my Song ſhall be of thee.
3 My fearful Enemy Retreats,
Thy *Preſence* only him defeats:
4 Thou doſt my *Right*, and *juſt Cauſe* own,
For Juſtice waits upon thy Throne.

5 Thou haſt ſubdu'd mine Enemies,
And blotted out their memories:
6 O thou great *Troubler* of the *World*,
Who round it haſt Deſtruction hurl'd;
Both *thou* and *thy Deſtruction's gone*,
As the raz'd Cities thou haſt won;
Buried *alike*, to after Times,
Are *they*, and *thy* Victorious Crimes.

7 But *God* lives *ever*; at whoſe Seat
Stand the Oppreſſed, and the Great:
8 And *He* ſhall judge the Worlds great Cauſe
According to his Righteous Laws:
9 For He th' Oppreſſed will relieve,
And flying to his Arms, receive.
10 Who know thee, Lord, will truſt in thee,
Thou ne'r fail'ſt thoſe who to thee flee.

11 Wherefore,

11 Wherefore, the God of *Sion*'s Name
To all the *ſuffering World* proclaim;
12 For *He* the Poor's Complaint will hear,
When th' price of Blood he does require.
13 Save me, O Lord! and hear my cry,
14 Oppreſſed by mine Enemy;
Who from the Gates of *Death* canſt raiſe,
Raiſe *me*, that I may ſing thy Praiſe.

I joy in thy Salvation;
15 For *lo*! Mine Enemies are ſunk down;
Into the Pit *themſelves* have made,
Their *own* deceitful Foot's betray'd;
They fetter'd and entangled lye
In their *own Nets* of Politie.
16 How *manifeſt* Gods Judgments are!
The Sinner's caught in his *own* Snare.

17 And now, in endleſs Chains of Night,
Th' Oppreſſor's lye, who God forget;
18 And *Peace* is the meek Sufferers lot,
Whoſe Patience is not ſtill forgot.
19 Riſe, Lord! in Judgment riſe! Shall *frail*
Proud Mortals over *thee* prevail?
20 Compaſs'd with *Terrors*, riſe, and then
They'll know themſelves to be but Men.

Pſalm X.

[*Ut quid Domine recceſſiſti?*]

1 WHy, *O my help*! art thou ſo *far*? and why
Doſt thou *withdraw* thy ſelf, when Peril's nigh?

2 The

2 The Poor's expos'd to th' *Luſt* of Tyranny,
O let *all Guile* by its *own* Malice dye.

3 Th' Oppreſſor his *own will* ſets up, does *bleſs*
What *God abhors*, Rapine and Avarice.
4 Swoln big with Pride, he does his God contemn,
And from his Thoughts and Counſels baniſh *him*.

5 His ways are always *grievous*; high, and far,
6 The diſtant Proſpect of thy Judgments are:
Wherefore he ſcorns his Enemies, Tuſh! ſays he,
What Arms can hurt? *What Power* ruine *me*?

7 His falſe diſſembling Lips are full of Lies,
And his lewd Tongue repleat with Vanities;
8 He lies in wait, on Spoil and Murder bent,
And drinks the Blood o'th' beguil'd Innocent.

9 Cloſe like a Lyon in his Den he lyes,
That he the Poor and Simple may ſurprize;
His ſubtle Nets, contriv'd to catch the Poor,
He cloſely ſpreads; and caught, he does devour.

10 T' *entice* the Poor, he *humbly* does fall down,
Taught th' Arts of Holineſs and Ambition;
11 *God* does not *ſee*, (ſaies he) he takes *no care*
How the Affairs of Mortals *hurried* are.

12 Juſt God, ariſe! Behold the Oppreſſed's ſtate,
The *Poor*, and thine *own Honour*, vindicate;
13 How long ſhall the ſucceſsful thee blaſpheme,
And ſay, thou ſeeſt not the Oppreſs'd, nor him?

14 Lord!

14 Lord! Thou *doſt* ſee it, thy juſt wakeful Eye
Sees, that it may *reward* Impiety.
Wherefore the Poor commits himſelf to *thee*;
Who elſe the *Father* of *Relicts* can be?

15 Break the malicious, and the ungodly's Power,
Break it, till there be *none left* to devour.
16 For *ever* (Righteous King!) abides *thy* Throne,
The mighty-cruel, and th' Oppreſſor's gone.

17 Thou hear'ſt the Cryes of the poor *deſtitute*,
Thou doſt *prepare*, and thou doſt *grant* their Suit:
18 To help th' *Oppreſſed* and the *Fatherleſs*,
That them the Man of Earth *no more* oppreſs.

Pſalm XI.

[*In Domino confido.*]

1 AND cannot *God* defend?
The God on whoſe Protection I rely,
Cannot *he* ſuccour lend?
But, like a Bird, to th' *Hills* for *ſafety* I muſt fly?

2 His Bow th' ungodly bends,
And his keen deadly Arrows does prepare,
And ſecretly intends
To pierce th' expoſed Heart of thoſe who Righteous are.

3 Say not! He'll overthrow
All the Foundations, the Defences *all*,
What *now* can th' Righteous do;
The Righteous now muſt *fly*, or muſt defenceleſs fall.

For

For know, in *Heav'n God* is,
And in his Temple is his *Second* Seat;
Thence his *ſtill wakeful* Eyes
Look down, and try the *Poor*; look down, and try the *Great.*

5 The Actions of the *Juſt*
He ſees, and does their guiltleſs ways *approve*;
But who obey their *Luſt*,
His Soul *abhors*, and from his *Preſence* does *remove.*

6 And now, behold their Doom!
Upon the Sinner Snares and Storms fall down,
Brimſtone and Fire ſhall come,
This is their *juſt*, their *Everlaſting* Portion:

7 But God *loves Righteouſneſs*,
He is its *ſpring*, and therefore loves th' *upright*;
He the pure Soul will *bleſs*,
He *them* beholds; and they, his *everlaſting Light.*

Pſalm XII.

[*Salvum me fac Domine.*]

1 HElp, Lord! How *great's* the Solitude
Of Vertue, when not *One Man's* good?
Truth has forſook the *Race* of *Men*,
Thruſt out, and made an *Alien.*
2 Each with his Neighbour deals in Lies,
The Peſt of all Societies;
Their *Lips* ſpeak *fair*, but their falſe *Hearts*
Diſſemble, and know *other* Arts.

3 The

3 The *treacherous Lip*, that thrives by *wrong*,
God ſhall root out, and the *falſe Tongue*;
4 *That Tongue* which, wanting *other* Powers,
Prevails by *Lies*, and *ſo* devours:
Then boaſts its Conqueſt; *Who* is *he*
Binds me to truth? Lord over *me*?
5 And now, for the Oppreſſed's Moans,
Their languiſhing, deſpairing Groans,

I will ariſe, (ſays God) and free
The Poor, enſnar'd by ſubtlety;
6 Thy Words (O God!) are true, more try'd
Than Silver, ſev'n times Purified;
7 Riſe then, and blaſt the *lying Tongue*,
And ſave *thine* from diſſembled wrong;
8 Whilſt falſhood walks on *every ſide*,
Where ſafely can *Truth's Servants* 'bide?

Pſalm XIII.

[*Uſq; quo Domine?*]

1 HOw *long*, O Lord! Lord! canſt thou *yet*,
And wilt thou *ever* me forget?
How long withdraw thy *Face* away,
Whoſe Splendor lets in *all* my day?
2 *How long* ſhall be my Counſels vex'd,
What to embrace; or ſhun, perplex'd?

How long ſhall my glad Enemy
Inſult, and triumph over me?
3 O *Lord*, conſider! My *God*, hear!
O let thy Dawn of Light appear!

Let

Let thy Soul-quick'ning Beams of Light
Wake my dead Soul, heavy with Night.
4 Leſt my Foes boaſt, if I'm *caſt down*,
I by *their* power am overthrown.
5 But to *thy Mercies*, Lord! I fly,
And chearfully on *them* rely.
6 Be glad, my Soul! God's help is *nigh*;
O bleſs the Name of the moſt High.

Pſalm XIV.

[*Dixit Inſipiens.*]

1 THe Fool, in's Heart, doth *God deny*;
Hence, his *ſecure* Impiety
Levels the bounds of wrong and right,
And owns *no Power* above *Might*;
Thus none of theſe does Good, not One;
What Luſt alone directs, is done.

2 From Heav'n, the God of Heav'n look'd down,
And thence ſurvey'd Earth's Region;
To ſee if *any* underſtood,
Sought God, and their own endleſs good:
3 But *all* were loſt, *all* went aſtray,
All had forſook Life's bleſſed way.

4 Have they *no* knowledge? is *that Light*,
The *God* eclips'd in *Man*, loſt *quite*?
Have *Men* of *Prey* their *Nature* fled?
Eating up *Men*, as they eat *Bread*?
5 A ſudden *fear* ſhall *pierce* their *Heart*,
A *Horrour* from an *unſeen* Dart;

6 When they, who thus mock and devour,
Shall find a *God* among the *Poor*.
7 And O! that thy Salvation
Were from thy Holy Mount ſent down;
That *all* thy *Iſrael* might rejoyce,
Joyn'd in *One* Freedom, and *One* Voice.

Pſalm XV.

[*Domine quis habitabit ?*]

1 LOrd! *who* among the *Bleſs'd* ſhall dwell?
Or, *who* reſt on thy *Holy Hill*?
2 *He* who a *guileleſs* Life does lead,
3 And in the Paths of *Juſtice* tread;
In whoſe firm Soul *Truth* ſets her *Throne*;
Whoſe Lip's *above* detraction.

Who to his Neighbour does no wrong
In *Act*, nor wounds him with his Tongue;
4 Counts thoſe Men *vile*, where *vice* he finds;
But pays *due* Honour to *Great Minds*.
Stedfaſt his *promiſe* is; and He,
All loſt, keeps his *Fidelity*.

5 *Who* the diſtreſſed, and the Poor,
Does not by Uſury devour;
Knows the *high price* of *Innocence*,
And, ſpight of *Bribes*, gives it *defence*.
His great Soul, *here*, finds *early* reſt,
And ſhall be *added* to the *Bleſs'd*.

Pſalm

Psalm XVI.

[*Conſerva me Domine!*]

1 O My *ſole* refuge! unto *thee* I flee,
Preſerve me, Lord! for *all* my truſt's in *thee*;
2 But, O my Soul! what *Tribute* ſhall we raiſe?
What can we render *God*, but *barren Praiſe*?
O *Living!* O *Eternal Spring* of Good!
What-e're *we have*, flows from *thy* boundleſs Flood;
Nor can, as a *ſupply*, return to *thee*,
Conſummate in thine *own* Felicity.

3 To *Thoſe* alone *our Good* extends, who be
Great in their *Vertue*, and their *Poverty*:
All my delight is on thy *Saints* on Earth,
Who, in their Actions, do confeſs their *Birth*
4 But who truſt *other Gods*, are *not preſerv'd*,
Their hopes are *falſe*; *falſe* as the *God* they *ſerv'd*
Their piercing ſorrows ſhall be multiply'd,
By their all-powerleſs God, not to be freed.

Their guilty Sacrifice I'll not offer up,
Nor the Drink-Offerings of th' inhumane Cup;
Their hated Gods ſhall not my Lips prophane;
Nor will I ſwear by their accurſed Name:
5 *Thou*, Lord! *My* Worſhip art, and Portion;
6 My Lot is faln where *thy* Great Name is known;
Where, I, the *Cup of Bleſſing* take; and where,
Maintain'd by thee, all fertile Pleaſures are.

7 But, leſt I grow *remiſs* through happineſs,
I bleſs thee, Lord! Afflictions me *chaſtiſe*;

8 But *ſo* chaſtiſe, as that I *firmly ſtand*,
Suſtain'd by *thee*, *ſtill ſet* at *my Right Hand*.
9 Wherefore, my Soul exults; and my glad Tongue
My Glory boaſts, in its triumphant Song.
And *full* of hope, my fleſh *put* off, ſhall *reſt*;
10 *Hell cann't* deſtroy the Soul, *thou* haſt releas'd.

Nor wilt thou *e're* forſake thy *Holy One*,
Or ſuffer him to *ſee Corruption*.
11 The *Path*, thou'lt ſhew me, which to *Life* does lead,
And thither thou my happy ſteps wilt guide;
Where, in thy glorious preſence, Joys ſhall flow,
Joys boundleſs, which nor term, nor meaſure know.

Gloria of two Verſes.

Pſalm XVII.

[*Exaudi Domine Juſtitiam.*]

1 O Righteous Judge! to my juſt plaints attend,
And crys, which from no *feigned* Lips aſcend.
2 From thine *own Preſence* let my Sentence come,
Who *canſt not* but pronounce an *equal* Doom.
3 Thou try'dſt my Heart, conceal'd not from *thy* ſight
By *darkneſs*, or its own *diſſembling* Night.
And thou know'ſt, Lord! my *ſtedfaſt* purpoſe is,
Nor in my Thoughts, or Words, *e're* to tranſgreſs.

4 My Actions I have guided by *thy Laws*,
Not by th' example o'th' *deſtroyer's* ways;
5 O hold thou up my goings in *thy way!*
That my foot ſlip not, that I never ſtray.

6 When

6 When e're I call'd to thee, O *preſent*, Lord !
Thou heard'ſt; that wonted favour *now afford*;
7 O Saviour of *all Them* who truſt in thee,
The wonders of thy Love *now* ſhew to *me!*

8 Preſerve me as the Apple of thine Eye,
And let thy Wings *vaſt Shadow* cover me !
9 Cover me *ſafely*, from their threatning Power,
Who compaſs me as ready to devour.
10 *Mighty* in *Power*, their Tongue does *proudly* threat ;
Not *petty* wrongs, but what are dar'd by th' Great.
11 They've watch'd my ſteps, intently fix'd their Eyes,
And cloſely couch, as ready to *ſurprize*.

12 As the fierce Lyon *lurks* to ſeize his Prey,
Low, and *obſcur'd* and *quiet* to *betray*.
13 *Riſe* ! diſappoint them, Lord ! and caſt them down !
14 No *other* Power can ſave me, but *thine own*.
From thine *own Sword*, by thine Almighty Hand,
Save ! and the fury of theſe Men withſtand ;
Theſe Men o'th' *World*, who have the Portion *here*,
Whoſe full enjoyments equal their deſire.

Their Iſſue's numerous, and when they dye
They leave their Wealth to their Poſterity.
15 But I'll behold the Glories of thy Face
In Righteouſneſs, and when I've run my Race,
And, in the Morn of my Eternal Day,
Aſcending, drop'd the *Mantle* of my *Clay*,
Shall wake up with thy *likeneſs*, I ſhall reſt
For ever ſatisfi'd, for ever bleſs'd.

Psalm XVIII.

[*Diligam te Domine!*]

1 O My dear God! How *can* I but love *thee*
2 My certain help in *all* Adverſity?
Thou art my Rock; *Thou* my munited Tow'r;
Thou art my God, and thou my Saviour;
Thou art my ſhield; my hope on *thee* is laid,
Thou art my *only*, Thou my *numerous* aid.
3 O thou moſt worthy Praiſe! I Honour *thee*;
For thou wilt guard me from mine Enemy.

4 Death's dreadful terrors did encompaſs me,
And Flouds of Cruel Men did terrifie,
5 Hell and the Grave ſeem'd ope, unthought of Death
Watch'd, to have caught my faint departing Breath;
6 Amidſt the horror of this Agony
To God, my *laſt* and only hope, I cry,
He hears from Heav'n, and my unfeigned Mone
Aſcends, and finds acceſs unto his Throne.

7 His Wrath againſt my Foes wax'd hot; Earth ſhook;
The Mountains from their firm Foundations broke;
8 He Flouds of Smoke from his dread Preſence ſends,
9 And rowling Flames; Heav'n bows, and God deſcends.
10 He rode upon the Winged *Cherubim*;
Their, and the Winds ſwift Wings did carry Him;
11 *Darkneſs* ſate *round about*, a Night of *Clouds*
Inclos'd Him, and impenetrable *Flouds*.

12 But his bright Preſence rends the *heavy* veil,
Shoots flames of Lightning, and revengeful Hail,

13 Heav'n

13 Heav'n *gives upon* its Foes; Thunder and Hail
Fall *thick*, and *lowd*; and the *great Arms* prevail.
14 They flye; *part* are beat down by th' *Hails cold* wound,
And thoſe that *ſcape*, the raging *Flames* confound.
15 The ſecret Springs o'th' Floods, at thy *great War*,
And th' Worlds low Foundations, op'ned are.

16 Midſt *all this horror*, God remembred *me*;
Sent *down*; and ſunk I'th' Floods, ſav'd me from high;
17 Sav'd me *himſelf* from my ſtrong Enemy,
For their great Powers too mighty were for *me*:
18 But, nor their *Powers* prevail, nor cloſe *ſurprize*,
He, as their *Power*, ſo *brake* their *ſubtleties*;
19 Then led me to a place of *liberty*,
Becauſe He had a *favour* unto me.

20 For He my *Righteous dealing* did regard,
And cleanneſs of my *guileleſs Hands* reward,
21 Becauſe *Gods ways* I never did forſake,
Nor wicked Men my ſoul Examples make;
22 The meaſure of my Deeds, his *Laws* I made;
And my *Religion to them* ne're betray'd.
32 By *them* I form'd my Soul; *new Nature* took;
Was uncorrupt; and *all my ſelf* forſook.

24 Wherefore, *thy recompence*, O God! to me
As *my juſt dealing* was, and *Purity*;
25 For th' *Holy*, crown'd by thee, *Bleſs'd Saints* ſhall ſhine,
The *perfect* ſhall be *God-like*, *All-Divine*;
26 The *Pure* ſhall *ſee* the *Glories* of thy *Face*,
But the *perverſe*, thy Frowns, to *Death* ſhall chace:
27 For thou, the Proud, ſhalt *bring down* from on *High*,
And *raiſe* thy People in *Adverſity*.

28 And *me* thou ſhalt exalt; a Beam of Light
Shot through my Soul, ſhall chace away its Night.

30 By *thee*, I ſhall an Army break, and ſcale
Their City's proud defence, and leap its Wall.
Thy way, O God! is a *juſt*, *perfect way*;
Thy Word is try'd, as by Fire's laſt Aſſay:
Thoſe, who rely on thee, thou doſt ſuſtain,
For *none*, who truſt in *God*, truſt *Him* in *vain*.

31 Tell, O ye *Gods*! Or *ye* who *ſerve* them, tell!
Is *any God*, like th' God of *Iſrael*?
Confeſs your *vain weak Powers*! And yield, at length,
Th' are, as *your ſelves*, but *Images* of ſtrength.
32 By *Him*, I'm arm'd, and girded unto War,
And own'd by *Him* my Enterprizes are,
33 Swift as a Harts, He makes *my* Feet, and I
Beyond, and *above* Danger, mount on High.

34 He *ſtrength* does give, and to that ſtrength adds *Art*;
Does *force*, and skill to *govern* it, impart.
35 *Arms* me with *ſafety*; with *Salvation*, *Shields*;
His Hand, ſuſtains; *Protection*, Courage yields.
36 Makes *plain* my way, and from falſe *Ambuſh* clears;
Secures me both from Dangers, and from Fears.
37 Thus guarded, I mine Enemies purſue;
O're-take, aſſail, and their faint Troops ſubdue.

38 Wounded, and Slain they fall; fall, *not to riſe*;
But at my Feet, the *calm Inſulter* lyes.
39 But *this* I do, arm'd by *thy Power* Divine,
'Tis not *my Arm* has vanquiſh'd 'em, but *thine*;
04 *Thy fear* aſtoniſh'd 'em when amaz'd, they fled;
When I deſtroy'd, and gave 'em to the Dead.
41 I'oft to *all help*, from their *own Gods* they fly,
And cry to *thee*, but thou reject'ſt their cry.

Small,

42 Small, as the Duſt, I ſcatter'd them; and they
Mix'd with the *Earth*, made but *one Bed* of Clay.
43 Thou charm'ſt th' *unquiet Peoples* Murmuring,
And doſt the *Gentiles* to my Scepter bring;
44 Nations *unknown*, *me* ſerve; *brought in* by *Fame*,
45 And *without Arms*, *fall* only to my *Name*.
They quit their ſtrongeſt Holds, and to me fly;
Fly *humbly*, fear turns into Flattery.

46 God lives! My powerful Avenger lives!
47 Bleſs'd *ever*! who me Strength and Conqueſt gives;
48 From all my Foes ſends me deliverance,
And 'bove *them* and their *Malice* does advance.
49 High, 'mongſt the *Gentiles*, thy great Name I'll raiſe;
And ſing abroad, *my Triumph*, and *thy Praiſe*;
50 Of thine abundant favour, ſure, and long,
To *David*, and his *Seed*, ſhall be my Song.

Pſalm XIX.

[*Cæli enarrant gloriam.*]

1 THe Heav'ns declare a *God*, th' extended Skie
Tell, that their *Maker* was not *leſs* than He;
2 Day, *without voice*, tells day; and Night tells Night;
Twiſting Time's *winding Chain*, of *Shade* and *Light*.
3 *What* Land's *unknown* to Night? or *ſhuts out Day*?
Which *part* the World, and run *divided* way?

4 *Who* hears not th' *ſpringing voice* of chearful *Light*?
Or the *ſoft whiſpers* of the charming *Night*?
In them the guilded Tent o'th' glorious Sun
Is plac'd, the Fountain of Light's motion.
5 He, like a joyful Bridegroom, bright and gay,
Does ope his Chamber, and *lets forth* the Day.

And

And, as a Champion, with known vigorous force,
Advances to run o're his wonted Course;
6 *Whole Heav'n's* th' extent of his vast motion,
Gives *East* and *West* to *us*, Himself takes *none*,
His *brooding* heat inspires cold Clay with *Breath*,
His *Ebbs* and *Floods* of Light, give *Life* and *Death*.

7 *Such* are thy Laws to *him*; but nobler far
Thou giv'st to *Man*; by *those Souls* guided are;
Souls, taught by thy most *perfect Law*, to *thee*
Convert, and wed rejected Purity.
Thy *Promises*, to th' Simple, *Wisdom* give;
8 Thy *Statutes*, faint, oppressed Hearts relieve.

Thy pure *Commands* give light unto our Eyes;
9 Thy awful *fear* our stain'd Souls purifies;
It lasts for *ever*, as thy *Judgments* do,
Thy Judgments, mighty Lord! *Righteous* and *True*.
10 Can *Gold*, *much* Gold, can much *refined* Gold
Any proportion, with *these Treasures*, hold?

Can Honey, dropping from the Virgin-Comb,
With *these transcendent Gusts* in tryal come?
11 By these high Tasts, our ravish'd *Souls* are fed,
Taught Heav'n; and for reward, are *thither* led.
12 But O, Man's frailty! O false Error's Guile!
13 How *oft* he does offend thee, *who* can tell?

From *secret* faults, and from *Presumptuous* Sin,
O cleanse my stained Soul, and make me clean!
And so shall I be clad in Innocence,
And be preserved from the *Great Offence*.
14 The thoughts, my Heart; the Words my Lips do pour,
Accept, my God! my Strength! my Saviour.

Psalm

Psalm XX.

[*Exaudiat te Dominus.*]

1 IN thy great day of trouble, God thee hear!
The Name of *Jacob*'s God for thee appear!
2 Send thee *ſtrong ſuccours* from the *Sanctuary*,
And *Sion* be thy *great Auxiliary*.

3 Remember, and accept thy Sacrifice;
4 And the loud Incenſe from thy Prayers does riſe.
5 We'll, in the Name of God, our Enſigns rear;
And triumph in thy ſafety: God thee hear!

6 And thou *wilt* hear; *wilt* thine Anointed Shield;
And ſtrength from *Heav'n*, and thy Right Hand, wilt
7 Their many *Chariots*, ſome, and Horſes boaſt, (yield.
Our Number, only is the *Lord of Hoſts*.

8 Our *Foes* are *faln*, brought down, and put to flight;
By the *ſame Power we* riſe, and ſtand upright.
9 Save Lord! O King of Heav'n hear us, and ſave!
And grant the mighty ſuccour that we crave.

Psalm XXI.

[*Domine in virtute tua.*]

1 LOſt to *all help*, in *thine*, O God! *alone*
The King ſhall joy, and *thy Salvation*;
2 Thou gav'ſt all he could *wiſh*; and th' *eaſy task*
Performed by him, only was *to ask*.

3 Thy

3 Thy Goodneſs did his *utmoſt hopes prevent*,
Unlook'd-for Bleſſings, and a Crown it *ſent*.

4 *He* beg'd the *Guift*, the *Meaſure* was from *thee*
He asked Life, *thou* gav'ſt *Eternity*.
5 Though *Great* in *Glory*; *Great* in's honour'd *Crown*,
His *Greateſt* Honour's *thy Salvation*.
6 All *Humane* Grandeur, *ends*; beholding *thee*
He ſhall enjoy *termleſs* Felicity.

7 O Great Reward of his great Truſt in thee!
It gives his *Throne*, and *him*, ſtability.
8 Thine Enemies ſhall feel thy mighty Power,
9 Whom, as a Fire, thine Anger ſhall devour.
10 God ſhall conſume them; their abandon'd Place
No more ſhall *them* remember, nor their *Race*.

11 For they cloſe treacherous deſigns have lain
Againſt thy Peace, but they have laid in *vain*.
12 Wherefore, their Troops, thou ſhalt victorious chace,
And ſhalt direct thine Arrows 'gainſt their Face.
13 In thine own ſtrength, Great God! exalted be;
Thy Power we'll praiſe in Songs of Victory.

Pſalm XXII.

[*Deus, Deus Meus! quam dereliquiſti?*]

1 MY God! My God! *why* haſt thou me forſook?
Why, of my woful Moans, no knowledge took?
2 I, Day by Day; and Night by Night, do cry;
Nor Day, nor Night releaſe my miſery.
3 O Holy God! O Praiſe of *Iſrael*!
4 Our *Fathers* of thy mighty Deeds do tell;

How

How *they* did cry to thee, and thou didſt *hear*
How *they* did *truſt*, and *they deliver'd* were:

But *I'm* a Worm, trod down, and overborn
By *all*; and made their Fable and their Scorn.
With all the geſtures of Indignity
They proſecute, and advance my miſery.
This is One of Gods *Holy Ones*, ſay they,
One who a mighty truſt in God did lay;
If God do love him, God perhaps may ſave him,
And if he will deliver him, ſhall have him.

O my dear God! O my experienc'd Hope!
Who didſt to me the Gate of Life ſet ope;
To whom, when hanging on my Mothers Breaſt,
My helpleſs Soul its Infant-vows addreſs'd;
My *firſt*, and (now) *laſt* refuge! thou, on whom
I have been wholly caſt on from the Womb,
O be not far! my God! my God! draw nigh;
For *all Help's fled*, and leaves the *Danger by*.

Monſters ſurround me, *Heards* of ravenous *Men*;
Fat Bulls from *Baſan*, Lyons from their Den,
They gape, and roar, as ready to devour,
Fearful to *me*, to their *chang'd ſelves*, much more.
I'm pour'd like Water forth, my pains relax
My feeble joynts, my Heart's like melted Wax.
My ſtrength's breath'd forth, my parch'd Tongue (ſtark and dry
Cleaves to my Mouth, and the cold Grave draws nigh.

And yet they ceaſe not, but like Dogs ſurround
The anguiſh'd Prey, and with freſh Counſels wound;

They

17 They *pierce* my *Hands* and *Feet*; my fleſhleſs Bones
Expos'd to view, may be told every One.
And now, unſatisfi'd with Cruelties,
They *ſtare*, and *gaze*, and *glut* their greedy *Eyes*,
And view, in *me*, what *hate* and *rage can do*;
In *me*, the ſource and ſpectacle of Wo.

18 They *part my Garments*, which as ſpoils they got;
My Veſture's Owner is deſign'd by *Lot*.
19 In this laſt Agony, draw nigh, O Lord!
Thy help, who *alone* canſt help, my God afford!
20 O ſave my Soul from Death! My Darling ſave!
Nor Lyons Mouth, nor Dogs be made its Grave.
21 O ſave me, Lord! Thou, who amidſt the Horns
Haſt heard me of the numerous Unicorns.

22 Then, freed from Death, I ſhall, triumphant, tell
Thy glorious Name to all thy *Iſrael*.
23 O ye who fear the Lord, the Lord's Name bleſs!
24 For he does not forſake Souls in diſtreſs;
Nor hides, as unconcern'd, his Face away,
But hears, and turns, and reſcues when they pray.
25 In ſight of *all* I'll pay my Vows; we'll raiſe
One common Cloud of Incenſe to thy Praiſe.

26 O Praiſe the Lord! the Poor ſhall *eat* and *live*,
Live ever, He ſhall *Bread Eternal* give.
27 Man ſhall remember *whence he fell*, and all
The World return, and to their Maker fall:
28 And God *alone* ſhall Monarch be, for his
Kingdom, the *Univerſal World* is.
29 *All* from the *Throne* unto the *Duſt*, ſhall fall
Before his Preſence, for th'are equal *all*;

All

All from their Maker took *one common* Breath,
To *Life* none rais'd *himself*, nor can from *Death*.
30 Posterity shall serve him, and their Race,
31 For ever serve him, beyond Time and Place.

Gloria of Four Verses.

Psalm XXIII.

Dominus regit.

1 HOw can I *want*, whose *Shepherd* is my *God*?
His mighty *Scepter* deigns to be a *Rod*;
2 Calm Streams, cool Shades, my high Refreshments be,
My Soul has, Heav'ns own rest, *Tranquillity*.

3 *How* can I *wander*? *He*, when e're I stray,
Seeks his *lost Sheep*, and turns me into th' way,
4 How can I fear? *Death's* dark veil cannot *fright*,
His glorious *Presence* does dispel the Night.

5 My Table thou shall spread spight of my Foe;
Balm shall annoint my Head, my Cup shall flow,
6 All my time *here*, thy favour rests on me,
And shall, O my dear God! Eternally.

Psalm XXIV.

[*Domini est Terra.*]

1 THe Earth is Gods, and all that is therein;
All things, all Creatures, and the Sons of Men;

2 He

2 He its Foundations on the floating Bed
O'th' Floods has ſet, and firm eſtabliſhed.

3 *Who* ſhall aſcend into the Holy Hill
Of God, and in his ſacred Preſence dwell?
4 Whoſe *Hands* and *Heart* are *clean*; who hates what's *vain*,
Whom nor *Deceit* nor *Perjury* does ſtain.

5 *He* ſhall receive the *Bleſſing* from *above*,
And th' Righteous God his doings will approve;
6 He's of the *Race* o'th' *Bleſſed*; ſuch as *He*
Shall conſtitute *Heaven's* Glorious *Colony*.

7 Lift up your Heads ye Gates! and op'ned be
Ye everlaſting Doors! to the *moſt High!*
8 *Who's* the *moſt High*? thus *Great* in Majeſty?
The *God of Battel* is the Lord *moſt High*.

9 Lift up your Heads ye Gates! and op'ned be
Ye everlaſting Doors, to the *moſt High!*
10 *Who's* the *moſt High*? thus *Great* in Majeſty?
The *Lord of Hoſts*, he is the Lord *moſt High*.

Pſalm XXV.

[*Ad te Domine levavi.*]

1 TO *thee*, in whom I *all* my truſt repoſe,
2 I lift my Soul; O guard me from my Foes!
3 And let not *me*, let *none* be put to ſhame
Who flee unto the *refuge* of *thy Name*.
But put to ſhame my *cauſleſs* Enemies,
And blaſt their cruel, hateful purpoſes.

4 Shew

4 Shew me *thy Paths*, O thou unerring Guide!
5 And in thoſe Paths my ſtraying footſteps lead.
For *thou* art God of my Salvation,
On *thee* all day I wait, on *thee alone*.
6 Remember, Lord! thy *ancient*, *tender* Love;
Which has been ever, as thy years above.

7 But of my *Sins*, *blot* out the memory,
Think on thy *Mercies*, Lord! *then* think on *me*.
8 Our God is *good*; *full* of *compaſſion*;
And will to Sinners his bleſs'd ways make known.
9 He will inſtruct the *lowly* and the *meek*,
And they *ſhall learn* his ways, who his ways *ſeek*.

10 To thoſe who *keep* his Covenant, his Paths be
All Mercies, all Eternal Verity.
11 Exalt thy *Name*, for mercy *infinite*;
By pard'ning, Lord! my ſin, *becauſe* 'tis *great*.
12 The Pious Man, who does his God revere,
God will direct; and guide him leſt he erre.

13 His *high contented* Soul ſhall dwell at *eaſe*;
And his Poſterity the Land poſſeſs.
14 God will reveal to him his *myſteries*,
Thoſe Heav'nly ſecrets which make *truly wiſe*;
Will ſhew him his *Eternal Covenant*,
And ſeal unto his Soul Heav'ns *mighty Grant*.

15 Mine Eyes, O Lord! do wait, ſtill wait on *thee*,
For thou *alone* my entangled Feet canſt free.
16 O turn unto me, Lord! pity my ſtate!
For I'm in miſery, and deſolate.
17 The troubles of my Heart are *ſtill* enlarg'd,
With growing Burthens more and more o'recharg'd.

18 Lord help! Lord bring me out of my distress,
And all my pain, and all my sins release.
19 Behold, O Lord! *who* are mine Enemies;
And how their *Numbers*, *Malice*, Rage, *encrease*.
20 O keep my Soul! and do not me expose,
Who trust in *thee*, to th' triumph of my Foes.
21 I wait on thee, O let my Souls defence
Be *still*, *Integrity* and Innocence.
22 O give thine *Israel* rest! and set it free
From *all* its troubles; own'd, and redeem'd, by thee:

Gloria of two Verses.

Psalm XXVI.

[*Judica me Domine.*]

1 TO thy Tribunal, Righteous God! I fly,
For I have walk'd in my Integrity;
And *wholly* do on thy Protection trust,
Who, from the Sinner, dost discern the Just.

2 All the Recesses of my Soul, to thee
Are fully op'd; try, and examine me!
Goodness, and Truth, to me the measures be
Of Action, measures which I take from thee.

4 The false *Dissemblers*, who Truth's Candor stain,
I flee; and the Contagion of the *vain*.
5 I shun th' Assemblies, and the black Consults
Of the *unjust*, nor mix with their Results;

6 And

6 And having waſh'd my Hands in Innocence,
Thine Altar I'll approach with reverence.
7 There, I, in Songs, thy great Deeds will proclaim,
And celebrate the Triumphs of thy Name.

8 What tranſports in my Soul thy Houſe does raiſe!
The Houſe where thou *Inhabiteſt*, our praiſe.
9 Judge not, nor ranck my Soul with that loſt Senſe
Of Men, who trade in Blood and Violence.

10 Who all the Laws of Equity proſcribe;
Prize Gold; and ſell their *Virtue* for a *Bribe*.
11 My Soul abhors their ways, bleſs'd Innocence
Be thou my choice! and thou, Lord! my Defence.

12 My Paths are Right; thine Honour I'll proclaim,
Great God! and in thy Houſe will praiſe thy Name.

Gloria of two Verſes.

Pſalm XXVII.

[*Dominus illuminatio mea.*]

1 SInce *God's* my ſafety; *God* my ſtrength and might;
What Man, what *Powers* of *Darkneſs* can me fright?
2 My Foes drew nigh as if they would devour,
With great *aſſurance*, and *United* Power;
But, as by *chance*, (th' unſeen Path who can tell?)
Approaching me, they all *ſtumbled* and *fell*.
3 Should an *Hoſt* charge me, in *his* Strength, I dare
Oppoſe my *ſingle* Breaſt againſt a *War*.

4 *One* onely thing I would of God desire,
One onely thing, may I *still This* require!
That in his House I may spend all my Days,
T' admire his Beauty, and to sing his Praise.
5 There, to the Worlds vain fears and hopes unknown,
He'll hide, and set me on a Rock of Stone:
6 Whence my advanced Head, secure, looks down
Upon my Foes; great, and above their Frown.

There, O my God! to thee I'll offer *Praise*,
The service of thy Temple, and my Days;
7 Hear and have mercy, mercy Lord! on me,
And do not my unfeign'd Requests deny.
8 My Soul, O God! as in an Extasie,
Receiv'd these Words—Seek thou my Face! from thee:
Thy Face, O God! I seek; what *other* Bliss
Can I pursue? *This* the *transcendent* is.

9 Reveal thy Glories! What can I *more* desire?
Grant thy *Command*! *Give*, what thou dost *require*!
Hide not thy Face! *Turn*, Lord! and *grant* my suit,
And help, as thou art wont, the destitute.
10 Left to my *Parents* care, and left *alone*,
I was *God's* care, *He* was *my Portion*.
11 Lord! lead me in thy just, thine upright way,
For my Foes wait t' entrap me if I stray.

12 O leave me not to *them*! They Witnesses
Suborn, and stain my Innocence with lies.
13 I should have sunk, and fainted utterly,
But that I stedfastly expect to see
Thy Goodness, Lord! in Life's Eternal Land,
Where *all* shall have their Portions from *thy Hand*.

14 With

14 With fortitude, and patience, wait *that* time!
Dare to be *vertuous*: and leave *all* to him.

Psalm XXVIII.

[*Ad te Domine clamabo.*]

1 O Thou my ſtrength! to thee I cry,
Hear, Lord! for if thou doſt deny,
They, who deſcend into the Grave,
Cannot more Night, and Darkneſs have.
2 Towards thy Houſe my Hands I rear,
And to thy Mercy's Seat, O hear!

3 O Number not my Soul with thoſe
Deceitful Ones, who *Truth* oppoſe;
Who, *ſeeming* Friends, their Neigbour wrong
By the fair *treach'ry* of their Tongue:
4 Pay them according to their guile
And *malice* of their borrow'd ſmile.

Let them be carri'd *ſmoothly* on,
And *flatter'd* to deſtruction.
5 For they *thy works* regarded not,
Nor th' *Righteous Judgments* thou haſt wrought!
Therefore they ſhall be overthrown,
And, *not to be rebuilt*, caſt down.

6 Bleſs'd be the Lord, who hath me heard;
And doth my humble ſuit regard.
7 *God* is my Strength, *God* is my Shield,
I truſt, and he does *ſuccour yield*.

Wherefore my Soul new heat inſpires;
Fill'd with Divine and Heav'nly fires.

His praiſes ſhall inform my Tongue,
And God *alone* ſhall be my Song.
8 He his Anointed will defend,
And his effectual Powers lend;
9 Lord ſave thine own Inheritance;
Hear, and for *ever* them advance.

Pſalm XXIX.

[*Aſſerte Domino filii Dei.*]

1 BRing, O ye mighty! Bring your Sacrifice!
Bring Rams; and let the chearful Incenſe riſe;
Confeſs *God's Power*; *yield*, and confeſs your own,
The honour of *all* Power give *him* alone.

2 His Honour in his Sanctuary confeſs;
And him, I'th' *Beauty* praiſe of Holineſs.
3 His voice breaks ope the Fountains of the Clouds,
He Thunders, and pours forth deſcending Flouds.

4 With *his* voice Power dwells and Majeſty;
5 Rent by his voice, low the proud Cedars lye;
6 Like trembling Calves, they ſhake when they are blown;
And the Woods too, *Sirion* and *Lebanon*.

7 His Glorious voice, the *Breath* of *Flames* expreſs,
8 Shakes th' Wilderneſs; ſhakes *Kadeſh* Wilderneſs;
9 Makes Hinds bring forth their young, and through the (Night
Of the thick Barks, darts its *trembling* Light.

10 His

10 His Temple ſpeaks his praiſe; He, on his Throne
High, o're the Floods, Rules *ever*, Rules *alone*.
11 He ſhall *protect*, He ſhall his People *bleſs*,
Bleſs with a *preſent*, and *Eternal* Peace.

Pſalm XXX.

[*Exaltabo te Domine!*]

1 GReat God! Thou haſt exalted me
In triumph 'bove mine Enemy;
2 And me, with pain and ſickneſs griev'd,
Thy Goodneſs has with Health reliev'd;
3 Brought down to th' Grave, and low as Death
Thou caugh'ſt back my deſcending Breath.

4 Sing, O ye Saints! to His Name raiſe
Eternal Monuments of Praiſe.
5 For in a Moment his Wrath's paſt,
But his Joys live, and Favours laſt;
If heavineſs endure a Night,
Joy wakes, and ſprings up with the Light.

6 In my Proſperity I ſaid,
7 (By weak Proſperity betray'd)
I am ſo ſtrong, ſo great, ſo high,
No chance can ever ruine me:
Thou ſaw'ſt the folly of my Pride,
And didſt thy bleſſed Preſence hide.

How ſoon did then my Glories fade!
Drop down, and ſink into a ſhade!

8 I *then* ſought my *neglected* Lord,
And humbly my Petition pour'd.
9 What profit, O my only Good!
Is there in thy poor Creatures Blood?

Can *Duſt* praiſe thee? Can Thanks return
From the dark ſilence of the Urn?
10 Hear, Lord! Lord help! Have mercy, Lord!
11 He hears, He helps, mercy affords;
Thou haſt to joy my ſorrow turn'd,
And comforted the Soul that mourn'd.

My Sackcloath thou haſt torn away,
And me, with gladneſs, doſt array;
12 All Saints ſhall in thy Praiſe conſpire,
And fill one Univerſal Quire:
And I, Great God! will ſing to thee
Eternal praiſe, Eternally.

Pſalm XXXI.

[*In te Domine ſperavi.*]

1 IN thee, my God! I truſt *alone*,
Put me not to Confuſion!
But, Lord! as is my *truſt* in thee,
So *thy* Protection be to me.
2 Bow down thine Ear unto my cry,
And make haſte to deliver me.

Be thou my Rock! Be thou my Fort!
To whom I ever may reſort.

3 For,

3 For, Lord! as my *ſole* Rock and Fort,
To thee alone I do reſort.
O guide my wandring ſteps! And lead
Me in the Paths that I ſhould tread.

4 Free my unwary Soul, betray'd
Into the Net which they have laid;
5 O may the Captive, loos'd from th' ſnare,
Be made its great Redeemer's care!
Receive, into thine Arms *now* thrown,
My Spirit! and protect thine own.

6 Vain, lying helps, I have abhorr'd,
My only truſt has been the Lord;
7 And I'th' ſucceſs I joy; for he
8 Conſider'd mine Adverſity:
And hid in ſorrows, *knew* my Soul;
Rais'd it, and wounded, made it whole.

He took me from mine Enemy,
And gave me to my Liberty.
9 Thy *wonted* mercies, Lord! extend;
And give my preſent troubles end;
Grief, a deep ſhade caſts o're mine Eyes,
And clouds my Soul with heavineſs.

10 Age haſtes, and takes in *other* years,
11 And into *Time* computes my *Cares*;
O're-pow'r'd by mine Enemies,
My ſtrength does fail, and Vigour dyes;
My *Neighbours* too are Enemies,
And *falſe* to my *Adverſaries*.

Shun,

Shun, as a *Peſt*, my *miſery*;
And *me*, and my *Sick* Fortunes flee.
12 I'm clean forgot, as one that's dead;
All my *deſerts* are buried.
As a broke Veſſel, I'm refus'd,
They took me, only *to be us'd*.

13 Yet ſtill I'm *living* to their *hate*,
That treads upon my *loweſt* ſtate;
That to *new* Counſels does them bring,
How to *remove* the *uſeleſs* thing.
14 But, O my God! *Thou* art my aid!
On thee I *all* my hope have laid.

15 My time is in *thy Hand*, O ſave!
O ſave me from th' untimely Grave!
And from my cruel Enemy,
And bitter Perſecutors free.
16 O let *One* Beam, *One* Ray, from *thee*
Break through my Clouds of miſery!

17 Lord! Let me not be put to ſhame,
For I have call'd upon thy Name.
Put *Sinners* to Confuſion,
Into Eternal ſilence thrown.
18 Let the falſe Lip its Portion have,
Shut up for ever in the Grave.

Which does maliciouſly traduce
The Innocence o'th' Righteous.
19 O the vaſt Treaſures of thy Love
For thoſe who fear thee ſtor'd *above*!
Thy *preſent* Bounties too, giv'n *here*,
Do to the Sons of Men appear.

20 There,

20 Them, *by* thy *Preſence*, thou ſhalt hide,
And they ſhall in *thy Houſe* abide;
Where, in a *Bleſſed, long* recefs,
Far from the *World*, they'll reſt in *peace*;
In Peace, under th' Eternal Shade
Which thy vaſt pow'rful *Wing* has made.

No malice *there*; no ſtrife of Tongue;
No entrance for condemned wrong;
None, who inſultingly deride,
The Proud are baniſh'd thence, and Pride.
21 And *now*, I, of thy glorious Name,
The *preſent* Honour muſt proclaim.

And the great mercy to me ſhown
In a ſtrong, well-munited Town:
22 Where, chac'd, I was ev'n nigh deſpair,
Raſh, in my uncollected fear;
But, though aſtoniſh'd and diſmay'd,
Thou heard'ſt me, when to thee I pray'd.

23 O Love the Lord, all ye his Saints!
He ſaves the faithful, hears their plaints;
But gives the Proud, who Right contemn,
A vengeance, worthy him, and them.
24 Be ſtrong! Truſt Him! *His* ſtrength is *thine*;
He'll guard thee with an *Arm Divine*.

Pſalm

Psalm XXXII.

[*Beati quorum remiſſa.*]

1 HOw Bleſs'd! how happy is that Man, whoſe Sin
God covers; and his ſtained Soul makes clean!
2 Thrice happy he, whoſe Sins are all forgot,
And in whoſe pardon'd Soul is found no ſpot.

3 Whilſt I, the loathſom Poyſon of my Sin
Conceal'd within my Breaſt, and held it *in*,
It *feſtred*, and conſum'd my raging Bones,
My tedious hours were counted by my Grones.

4 Thy Hand lay heavy on me, Night and Day;
My ſtrength, like Sumner's moiſture, breath'd away;
5 *Then* I return'd to God, *then* I confeſs'd,
Then I made known to him *how* I tranſgreſs'd.

And he, O miracle of Love! He *heard*;
Pardon, as my Confeſſion, ſwift appear'd.
6 For this, the Pious unto thee ſhall pray
In a *due* time; Pray, while 'tis call'd to *Day*;

'Twill be too *late*, when Life, or Time, ſhall be
Swallow'd I'th' *Ocean* of Eternity.
7 Thus *reconcil'd* to God, I boldly flee
To him; he hides me, and he ſets me free;

My Sighs are fled, Joys only now advance;
With Songs I'm compaſs'd of Deliverance.

8 I will (ſaies He) direct thy future way,
My careful Eye ſhall watch thee leſt thou ſtray.

9 Know thy *ſelf* then! Be not like Horſe and Mule,
Reaſon muſt *thee*; *them Bit* and *Bridle* rule.
Set up the *Man!* Dethrone the *Beaſt within*,
Th' *Uſurping* Beaſt; Remember ye are Men!

10 Remember too, the wages that attend
Vertue, and Vice; the *bleſs'd* or *dreadful* End:
What *raging Flames* ſhall round th' *unjuſt* be thrown,
What *lambent* Glories ſhall the *Righteous* Crown.

11 Rejoyce ye Righteous! lift up your chearful voice;
Be Righteous *ſtill*! And ye ſhall *ſtill* rejoyce.

Gloria of two Verſes.

Pſalm XXXIII.

[*Exultate juſti in Domino.*]

1 TO God, ye juſt Ones! your glad voyces raiſe;
The Juſt becomes the *decency* of praiſe.
2 With Harp, and Lute, and Ten-ſtring'd Inſtrument,
Let th' Voice, and Harmony of Souls conſent.
3 Sing a *new* Song! apt Words, and Notes prepare;
To the *great* Ditty, joyn the *equal* Ayre.

4 Gods Word is true; his Works eſtabliſh'd be;
5 He Juſtice loves; Judgment, and Equity;
His *Goodneſs*, through the World diffus'd, does know
No *Ebbe*; no *other* motion, but to *flow*.

6 His

6 His Word, the Heaven's, out of the empty ſhade
Of Nothing, call'd forth; and the Heaven's were made.

Their mobile Hoſts *marſh'd up* in bright array
Of diſtinct Glories, *leading in* Night and Day.
7 The Floods, together gather'd on a heap,
Rowl'd down into the Treaſures of the Deep.
8 O Earth, thy Maker honour! O let all
Thy People, with due fear, before him fall.

9 He *ſpake*, and it was *done*; by his Command
Nature's great Laws firm and unmov'd do ſtand;
10 *Princes* Decrees, and what the *People* ſpeak
He blaſts, and then their giddy ſelves do break;
11 But *Gods* Decrees, *His* Counſels, and *His* Laws,
Stand *ever*; Stand *Eternal* as their *Cauſe*.

12 O happy People! O their unknown Bliſs
Who call *him*, *God*; and *he* does call *them*, *His*;
13 For he, upon the Sons of Men looks down,
14 And to him, all their hopes and fears are known.
15 He all the cloſe Intrigues does underſtand
O'th' Heart he *made*, that Heart's *ſtill* in *his* Hand.

16 In *vain* a King truſts in his numerous *Hoſt*;
In *vain* the ſtrong Man in his *ſtrength* doth boaſt,
In *vain* is ſafety ſought from *Humane* force,
17 Or from the *ſtrength*, or *ſwiftneſs* of a *Horſe*;
18 But they who truſt in *him*, truſt *not* in *vain*,
He ſees their wants; ſees that he may *ſuſtain*.

19 Whom *Hoſts*, nor *Strength*, nor any *Tow'rs of Earth*
Can *ſave*, *God* ſaves; and feeds in time of Dearth.

20 To him *alone* in all diſtreſs we flye,
21 And, full of joy, on our great Choice rely;
22 O Thou! on whom we truſt, and truſt *alone*,
With mercy, our long hopes, and patience Crown.

Pſalm XXXIV.

[*Benedicam Dominum.*]

O Thou! whoſe mercies do me ever bleſs,
Shall *they* ſtill *ſpeak*, and ſhall my *Praiſes ceaſe*?
2 Th' *afflicted Soul* ſhall hear, and join with *me*,
3 And we, *together*, will him magnifie.
4 I humbly ſought the Lord, and he did hear;
And he deliver'd me from all my fear.
5 Th' afflicted turn'd to him their *mournful* Eyes,
And on their Face a *dawn* of *Joy* did riſe.

6 See how the *Poor*, who *fear him*, *cry*! and ſee
How God does *pity*! How he ſets them *free*!
7 He who *fears* God, God does *protect* that Man,
Gives him an *Angel* for his *Guardian*.
8 O taſte and ſee how gracious the Lord is!
Who truſt in *him*, with *him*, have *all* of Bliſs.
9 O fear the Lord, ye Holy Ones! for he
Will all your *fit deſires* and wants ſupply.

10 Lyons their *Prey* may want, and *bloody* food,
But who fear God, ſhall *nothing* want that's *Good*.
11 Attend ye Children, and to me draw near!
I will inſtruct you in th' Almighty's fear.
12 With Bleſſings crown'd, wouldſt thou thy Life prolong,
13 Seal the *falſe Lip*; charm the *deceitful Tongue*;

14 *Shun*

14 *Shun Ill*; *do good*; *ſeek* calm beloved *Peace*;
Peace the *way to*, Peace the glad *end* of *Bliſs*.

15 *Such* God will *bleſs*; their ſteps his careful Eyes
Will *watch*, and *guard*; his Ears receive their Cries.
16 But 'gainſt th' unrighteous Soul he ſets his Face;
Blaſts their *faln* Glories, and *plucks up* their *Race*.
17 The Righteous cry, and God their Prayer hears,
He ſends relief, and wipes away their Tears.
18 The Sighs of *contrite* Hearts *aſcend* on *high*,
Mercy deſcends, and God *himſelf* draws *nigh*.

19 Though *great* the troubles of the Righteous are,
Their God *delivers* them, for they're *his care*;
20 He, *as intruſted*, ſafely *keeps each* Bone,
And firm, and whole, *reſtores* them every One.
21 But Vengeance ſhall the Guilty Wretch o'retake,
Who, th' Object of his hate th' upright does make.
22 All thoſe, who truſt in God, their God relieves,
And to their captiv'd Souls Redemption gives.

Pſalm XXXV.

[*Judica Domine Nocentes.*]

1 LOrd! aid thy Servant in diſtreſs; and thoſe
Who *my* weak ſtrength o'repow'r, *thy ſelf* oppoſe.
2 Thy mighty Arms put on; thy Spear and Shield
3 Bring forth, and *ſtop* the *Torrent* of the Field.
Turn the Purſuer *back*! Tell! who alone
Canſt tell, my Soul, *I'm thy Salvation.*
4 Let thoſe who chace my Soul be overthrown,
Turn'd back, and fall into Confuſion.

5 Let

5 Let them, like Chaff, looſe and diſorder'd be;
And 'fore a wrathful Angel's fury flee.
6 Let their Retreat be *dark* and *ſlippery*,
And a *commanded Angel*, Enemy.
7 For they, *without a cauſe*, have laid a Net
For my too credulous Soul, and dig'd a Pit.
Let a ſwift Vengeance ſeize him unaware,
Caught in his *own* malicious, wanton Snare.

9 My Soul's and Body's Powers, God ſhall bleſs;
Both, freed; both his Salvation ſhall confeſs.
10 *Who*, Lord! is like to *thee*, who *ſav'ſt* the *Poor*,
The helpleſs Poor, *from him* that does *devour*?
11 Falſe Witneſs riſe, and *ſtain* my *Innocence*;
Stain *without* Crime; blot with *their true* Offence.
12 And, to my Souls yet further wounding, they
For *Good*, I did to *them*; *me*, *Ill* repay.

13 I dealt not *ſo* with *them*; for *I*, when *they*
Were Sick, with Sackcloth cloath'd, did *faſt* and *pray*;
And, ſince my Pray'r caſt off, in *vain* did mourn,
My Dove into my Boſom ſhall return.
14 For, Brother, Friend, or deareſt Mother, none
Than I for *them*, more tender Grief have ſhown.
15 But *they*, in *mine* Adverſity were glad;
Not ſingly, but a Publick Triumph made.

All flow together, the very Abjects flout,
One Joy th' unworthy *Great*, mix'd with the *Rout*.
16 Their *ſcorns*, my Soul *afreſh* wound, and deſtroy,
The *tender'ſt* of my *Suff'rings* was *their joy*.
17 How *long* ſhall *they* afflict? *How long thou* ſee?
Lord! wilt thou but *look on* my miſery?

O from the cruel pains which me invade
Save! and more cruel Men; Men Lyons made.

18 So, in the great Aſſembly, thy great Name
I'll praiſe, and my deliv'rance loud proclaim.
19 Let not my treach'rous cauſeleſs Enemy
Inſult, O Lord! and triumph over me:
20 Whoſe fair Diſcourſe, and Treaties, are a ſnare,
Made ſmooth, to take the Souls that guileleſs are.
21 And having gain'd their end, they falſly cry
Out on the Wretch! we ſaw it with our Eye.

22 This thou haſt ſeen, O Lord! O God, draw near!
23 *'Gainſt* them, and *for* my Soul, Juſt God, appear!
24 Wake, Lord! while thou look'ſt on, O Truth's De-
Shall *Malice* triumph over *Innocence*? (fence!
25 Shall they, *great* in *ſucceſs*, cry, *He's devour'd*?
There! There! the Holy Man is overpowr'd.
26 Shame and Confuſion cover them! Let all
Who me oppreſs, with foul diſhonour fall.

27 Then ſhall all they who favour the upright,
When thou *regard'ſt* the *Righteous*, take delight:
All ſhall *thee bleſs*, call *happy*, who thee truſt,
Who *pleas'd* art i'th' *Proſperity* o'th' *Juſt*.
28 Thy Juſtice, Righteous God! my raviſh'd Tongue,
And Truth, ſhall celebrate all my Day long.

Gloria of two Verſes.

Psalm XXXVI.

[*Dixit Injuſtus ut delinquat.*]

1 MY Heart's convinc'd, that *he* who *follows ſin*
Dethrones his *God*, and Atheiſt is *within*.
2 Yet the ſmooth Hypocrite walks fairly on,
And cheats his Soul, till his dark Crimes be known.
3 His words are feign'd; *all* ſubtile, *all* pretence;
The *Serpent* in him kills the *Innocence*.

4 He plots his ſins, when leſſer Cares are fled;
Reſults o'th' Night, and Counſels of the Bed.
He ſtarts at nought; but, to attain his will,
Unravels all the Bonds of Good and Ill.
5 High, as the Heav'ns; and 'bove the Heav'ns High,
Thy mercy is, O Lord! and Verity.

6 Thy Juſtice does as the firm Mountains riſe;
And thy great Judgments deep are as th' Abyſs;
On *all thy Works* thy boundleſs Mercies flow,
The *Beaſts*, them, with thy *Creature Man* do know;
7 But Man, whom, after thoſe, thy *laſt* Hand made,
Under thy Wing does find *another* Shade.

8 He, in thy Houſe receiv'd, its fulneſs taſtes,
Drinks Joys, and Pleaſures that for ever laſt.
9 The *Joys* with them Immortal *Life* do bring;
For there's both *Joy's* and *Life's* Eternal Spring.
When Souls with a *new flame*, *more* high, *more* bright,
Shall quick'ned be, ſtrook from thy Font of Light.

10 O let thoſe Bounties ever, ever flow,
To th' Pure in Heart, who ſtill thirſt thee to know;
11 Let not the foot of Pride tread my Life down;
Nor let me be by wicked Hands o're-thrown.
12 See how themſelves are ruin'd! ruin'd, all!
All wicked doers, ne're to riſe, ſhall fall.

Pſalm XXXVII.

[*Noli æmulari.*]

1 LEt not th' *Opinion* of th' ungodly's State
Move thy *firm* Soul; nor *envy* thou *his* Fate.
2 For, like the Graſs *cut down*, or gather'd Flowr,
Vengeance ſhall *him*, and his vain *Pride* devour.
3 *Do good*, and *truſt in God*; dwell in the Land,
And thou ſhalt feed o'th' Bounties of his Hand.

4 Delight in God; thou ſhalt in *him* poſſeſs
Thy *whole deſire*; *true*, and *all Happineſs*.
5 Commit thy ways to *him*, and the ſucceſs
Shall ſhew, how *all* ſucceeds, where God does bleſs.
6 *He* ſhall *clear up* thy wrong'd Integrity,
It ſhall *acquit*, and it ſhall *honour* thee.

7 Wait *ſtill* on God; on him thy hope repoſe:
8 Vex not to ſee the wicked proſperous.
With Patience arm'd, bear thine own *Lot*, and *theirs*,
Immov'd, or by *their* hopes, or *thine own* fears.
9 God ſhall th' unjuſt cut off, and diſpoſſeſs,
The Juſt ſhall *live*; live the great Heirs of Bliſs.

10 Wait!

10 Wait! Thou ſhalt ſee th'unjuſt *ſoon* run the Race
Of his *ſwift* Glories, and forſake his Place.
11 But the *Meek* Spirit ſhall the Earth poſſeſs,
Refreſh'd among the *bleſſed Shades* of *Peace*.
12 The Sinner plots, and threats the Juſt to ſlay,
13 God laughs, he cannot hurt *beyond* his *Day*.

14 The Sword, which 'gainſt the Poor, th' unjuſt have (drawn,
15 And the bent Bow, are bent and drawn in *vain*.
Through his *own* Heart, ſhall pierce the fatal ſtroke,
And his prepar'd, and threatning Bow be broke.
16 A *little*, the *contented Poor Man* has
Does the vaſt *Treaſures* of th' *unjuſt* ſurpaſs.

17 Th' ungodly's ſtrength of Wealth ſhall weak'ned be,
But God ſuſtains th' upright in Poverty.
18 God has accounted the upright Mans Age,
And makes perpetual his Heritage.
19 In Perillous times he ſhall be ſafely led
Through Dangers, and in time of Dearth, be fed.

20 The Sinner, like the Fat of Lambs, conſumes,
And vaniſhes like the aſcending Fumes.
21 Th' unjuſt pays not again what he does owe,
The Good Man lends, is great, and can *beſtow*.
22 The Good ſhall dwell i'th' Land, and ſhall be *Bleſs'd*,
The Sinner ſhall be curs'd, and diſpoſſeſs'd.

23 God does direct a Good Man in his way,
Himſelf ſhall be his *Conduct*, can *he* ſtray?
24 Though he *ſhould* fall, yet he *ſhall riſe* again;
For though *he's* weak, *God's* ſtrong, who does ſuſtain.

25 Through my whole Life, to Age from Childhood led,
I ne'r ſaw th' upright left, or *his*, beg Bread.

26 The Juſt is ever merciful and lends,
And the great Recompence to his Seed deſcends.
27 Chooſe the *beloved* Good, and Evil flee,
And thou, unmov'd, ſhalt dwell Eternally.
28 For Goodneſs is th' *Almighty's Love*, and he
Keeps that fair Soul that weds Integrity.

The Sinners Branch, cut off, ſhall wither'd lye,
29 The Juſt ſhall flouriſh, flouriſh ne'r to dye.
30 The great Souls of the Juſt great thoughts comprize,
Wiſdom and Judgment are their exerciſe.
31 The Law of God does in their Heart abide,
Guided by that, their ſure ſteps ne'r can ſlide.

32 The Impious Man ſtill Perſecutes the good;
Nothing can ſatiate but the Precious *Blood*.
33 God from his cruel Arms takes him away,
And *himſelf* reſcues the *condemned* Prey.
34 Hope *ſtill* in God! *ſtill* keep his Righteous way;
And thou ſhalt ſee the wicked ſnatch'd away.

35 I've ſeen th' Oppreſſour great, and flouriſhing,
Freſh as the Lawrel clad in its *own Spring*,
36 And I went *by*, and lo! the *Scene* was *gone*,
And all his Glories wither'd into *none*.
37 But the upright, the pure, the innocent Breaſt,
Wrapp'd in the bleſſed Shades of Peace ſhall reſt.

38 The Sinners ſhall together Periſh, *all*;
For th' *End* of the Tranſgreſſour is *to fall*.

39 God

39 God does the Righteous keep; from him alone
Comes ſtrength in trouble, comes Salvation.
40 *He* ſhall ſtand *by* them; He, *protect* and *ſave*;
Such reſcue, *all* who *truſt* in God, ſhall have.

Pſalm XXXVIII.

[*Domine ne in furore.*]

1 O Do not in thine *Anger* me reprove,
Nor puniſh in thy *Wrath*, great God of Love!
2 Thy dreadful Arrows in me *fixed* ſtand,
And I am *ſorely* preſſed by thy Hand.

3 My Body finds no reſt; my Soul within
Is pierc'd with *deeper* Arrows of my *ſin*.
4 My ſins, like raging Seas, high, and o'regrown,
Swell o're my Head, and their weight ſinks me down.

5 My Sores corrupted are, fowl, and unſound;
And I abhor the folly of my wound.
6 I am ſo much bow'd down, ſo overborn
By miſery, that all the Day I mourn.

7 My Loins diſeaſed are, no Part is ſound;
And all my tortur'd Body's but one Wound:
8 My ſtrength is gone; vanquiſh'd, and over-powr'd
With pains, not to be *told*, but *groan'd* and *roar'd*.

9 I am unable to expreſs my Moans,
But Lord! Thou knowſt the *Language* of theſe *Groans*.
10 What *begs* this *panting Heart?* theſe *gaſping Cryes?*
Caſt up to thee, theſe *longing*, *dying* Eyes?

11 All, but *thou'* Lord! forſake me; *Friends* are *gone*;
They, or *deſert*, or unconcern'd *look on*.
12 But *my Foes* leave me not; *they* ſeek yet *more*
To afflict, and add *their Malice* to *my Sore*.

13 I, with Patience arm'd, immov'd do lye,
14 As Deaf, and Dumb; nor *hear*, nor *make reply*.
15 For I my Cauſe *wholly* refer to *thee*,
O thou my truſt! *Thou* anſwer ſhalt for *me*.

16 O let me not the triumph be of thoſe
Who *watch* my ſteps, and each *ſmall* lapſe expoſe.
17 I'm *prone* to ſlide; but as my *Errour* is,
So is my *ſorrow*, and my *heavineſs*.

18 For I to thee my wandrings will confeſs,
And my *chang'd* Soul, from Guilt ſhall find releaſe;
19 But my Foes malice is *inveterate*,
No change of *mine* alters *their* laſting *hate*.

20 Their unjuſt Souls, do Good, with Ill, requite;
And hate me, cauſe in Good I take delight.
21 *Thou*, Lord! *my Refuge* art; and *I thy* Care;
Forſake me not, O God! nor be thou far.

22 In thee I've *all* my help and ſafety plac'd,
Help, O my God! and let that help make *haſte*.

Gloria of two Verſes.

Pſalm

Psalm XXXIX.

[*Dixi cuſtodiam vias.*]

1 WHile the ungodly were in ſight, though they
Provok'd me, I took *heed* unto my way:
2 And leſt I ſhould *offend*, I *ſilence* kept;
Bridled my Tongue; and all my Paſſions ſlept.
3 I *heard*; but it was pain and grief to me
To *hear*, and not what's Juſt, and Good, *reply*.
My Paſſions calm'd, a nobler fire did burn;
Slighting the *World*, and *them*, to *God* I turn.

4 O *thou*! to whom our ſpace of Life's defin'd,
Number my Days, and let me know mine End!
That I may learn how *long* I chain'd muſt be
To *Life*, and *Care*, and *when* I ſhall be *free*.
5 How, like a *Span*, to th' *Heaven's* unbounded *ſpace*,
6 Is unto *thee*, the moment of *my Days*!
How *vain's* th' *Affairs* of Life! the *Scenick* Stage
Of *Greatneſs*! and the *Nothing* of our *Age*!

Man, like a *Shadow* haſtes; while *paſſing*, *fled*;
Buſie in *vain*; in *vain* diſquieted.
He gathers Wealth, his fruitleſs heaps *ſtill* riſe;
Leaves all, unknown to whom, leaves all, and dyes.
And *now*, Lord! *what's* my *hope?* what *can* it be?
What can I *ſtill* enjoy, but only *thee?*
8 Free me from *ſin*, which ſeparates from thee,
And let me not to Fools a Triumph be.

9 I bare their follies, and made *no* excuſe;
For *I* had ſinn'd, and thou hadſt let *them* looſe;
10 Take *them*, and all thy *other* Plagues away,
Too heavy thy conſuming Hand does lay.
11 *How vain is Man!* when thou doſt Man *chaſtiſe*
His *Beauty fades*; fades, and *before him* dyes:
So, Garments by conſuming Moths are gnawn;
And Man's unravell'd, *So: How vain is Man!*

12 Lord, hear my Prayer! Let thy gracious Ears
Admit my fervent Sighs, and grant my Tears.
My Soul's *already* on its Wing, for *here*
I'm but a *Stranger*, as my *Fathers* were.
13 I beg not *Life*; ſome little *ſtrength*, before
I go from hence, and ſhall be ſeen no more.

Gloria of two Verſes.

Pſalm XL.

[*Expectans Expectavi.*]

1 MY Soul with patience did on God attend,
He heard, and to my ſtedfaſt Pray'r inclin'd.
2 Sunk in a dreadful Pit, *far* from the *Day*,
He drew me forth; ſtrugling i'th' Mire and Clay:

And on a *ſafe* high Rock advanc'd my Head,
Safe, for *himſelf* my goings ordered.
3 Sing, O my raviſh'd Soul! warm'd with *new fire*,
For *God himſelf* does his *own praiſe* inſpire.

Behold

Behold, ye long afflicted ones! Draw near!
Truſt in *my God*; ſee *me*, and learn *his fear*.
4 Truſt not th' falſe ſtrength, nor falſer promiſes
O'th' *great*, he's bleſs'd *alone* wh' on *God relies*.

5 Great God! Great are the wonders thou haſt done;
And thy great Thoughts to *us*, compriz'd by none.
Our Praiſe is *dumb*, and cannot them expreſs;
For *who* can *Number* what is *Numberleſs*?

6 Thou art not, Lord! appeas'd with *Sacrifice*,
In vain the *Guiltleſs*, for the *Guilty* dies;
7 Behold, then, O my God! ſaid I, I come
To do thy will, *my ſelf*, and bear thy Doom.

I'th' Volumn of thy Book 'tis writ of *me*,
I muſt thy Law and Juſtice ſatisfie.
8 My *Heart's* the *Tranſcript* of thy Law; thy Will,
O Righteous God! I'm *ready* to fulfil.

9 I have not, Lord! thy Righteouſneſs conceal'd,
But thy great Goodneſs, and thy Truth reveal'd.
10 Thy Mercies have not in my thankleſs Breaſt
Been hid, but loudly unto *all* confeſs'd.

11 O let thoſe mercies *ever* follow me!
Thy Truth, and Love, *ſtill* my Safe-Conduct be.
12 For Cares do ſink me down, Cares numberleſs,
Which only than my Sins vaſt heap, are leſs.

13 Lord, ſave me! for th' united force prevails;
Haſte, Lord! my fainting Heart, o're-numbred, fails.
14 Shame and Confuſion cover them, who joyn
Together, for my Soul's Deſtruction.

15 Let

15 Let them be deſolate, and cloath'd with ſhame,
Who do, inſultingly, traduce my Name;
16 But who ſeek thee, let them be glad in thee;
Still freed, ſtill their Redeemer *magnifie*.

17 Lord, I am Poor, Poor and in miſery;
But thou, O powerful God, haſt care of me.
Thou art my Saviour, *I* thy reſcu'd Prey;
O my Redeemer, make no long delay.

Pſalm XLI.

[*Beatus vir qui intelligit.*]

1 WHo helps the *Poor*, the woful, and diſtreſs'd,
God will help *him*, and free him when op-
(preſs'd.
2 Death ſhall not ſnatch him from the Earth, till he
Be *ſatisfied* with Life, and *would be free*;
No force, nor malice of his Enemies
Him, from his mighty Guardian ſhall ſurprize.

3 When languiſhing upon his Bed he lies,
God will ſuſtain him, comfort, and give eaſe.
Himſelf will in his Sickneſs make his Bed,
Compoſe his Mind, raiſe his declining Head.
4 Lord! I have ſinn'd, ſin has transfix'd my Soul,
O waſh the Wound, bind it, and make it whole.

5 My Foes ſpeak out; when, ſay they, ſhall he *die?*
Dye, *all? He* and his blaſted *Memory?*
6 If any *Viſit* me, 'tis to *enſnare*,
7 And, as a *Spy*, betray me unaware.

His

His talk is vain, his free *demeanour*, *looſe*
And *airy*, but his dark intents are *cloſe*.

For whate're of my *innocent* concerns
Perverſly and *maliciouſly* he learns,
When he comes forth, he *tells*; and then, they all
Together *whiſper* to *traduce* my fall.
8 A foul Diſeaſe ſticks cloſe to him, ſay they,
And will the loathed Wretch bear loath'd away.

9 Theſe were not Enemies *Profeſs'd*, alone,
But mine own *near familiar* Friend made *One*.
He, whom I *fed*, whom I did *truſt*, did prove
Falſe to his Faith, and Traytor to my Love.
10 Lord! raiſe again thy Servant, that I may
Their Guile, and ſmooth Hypocriſie repay.

11 And, Lord! thou *wilt* me raiſe; thy love I know
By *this*, that I'm not triumph'd by my Foe.
For, the Integrity they would diſgrace
Thou haſt upheld, and ſet me 'fore thy Face.
13 Thy Name be bleſs'd by all the Sons of Men
Throughout all Ages, and beyond. *Amen*.

FINIS.

The SECOND BOOK of the

PSALMS,

PARAPHRAS'D.

Psalm XLII

[*Quemadmodum desiderat Cervus.*]

1 NOT the chas'd *Hart* more longs for the *cool* (*Flood*,
Than my faint Soul for *thee*, my only good!
2 My Soul's *athirst* for God, the *living* God,
Who 'twixt the Cherubims makes his aboad:

When shall my longing Soul be satisfi'd?
My famish'd Eyes, *when* with thy Presence fed!
3 Tears *feed*, and Tears *consume* me; while my Foes
Deride my Miseries, and upbraid my Woes.

They will not me a *quiet* grief allow;
But cry, where's God? where's thy dear Refuge now!
4 How bitter is my solitary moan!
Condemn'd to *grieve*, condemn'd to grieve *alone*.

How

How am I alter'd! Ah! *How* chang'd from *me*,
Who to *thy House* led the glad company:
When the triumphant and exalting Throng
Sung on the glorious *Day*, the glorious *Song*?

5 *Why*, O my Soul! doſt thou thus *grieve*? And why
Deſert thy ſelf, and unlearn Conſtancy?
O truſt in *God*! He will *again* thee raiſe,
Who holds thee *now*, and is th' afflicted's Praiſe.

6 But, O my God! How can I but lament,
Forc'd beyond *Jordan*, and to *Hermon's* Tent?
Yes, *there* I'll think on *thee*, and *Hermon's* Hill
Shall *learn* the Praiſes which thy *Sion* fill.

7 As *Wave* to *Wave*, and *Deep* to *Deep* does call,
By th' roaring Cataracts impetuous fall;
So *Wo* to *Wo*, and Grief to Grief ſucceeds:
Each fruitful Ill a ſecond *greater* breeds:

All have gone o're *my* Head; on me *alone*,
Thou the *whole* Tempeſt of thy Wrath pour'dſt down;
8 Yet in the *midſt* of Wrath his *mercy* ſhone,
And all his loving kindneſs was not gone;

Each *day* diſcover'd it, it ſprang as *Light*;
Leſs certain the *Morn* roſe, and roſe *leſs bright*.
Night bleſs'd him for the Day, and praiſe return'd;
My *Song* gave *Praiſe*; whilſt thus my *Prayer mourn'd*.

9 *God* of my *Strength*! *God* of my *Life*! O why
Haſt thou *forgot* me? *why* thus heavily,
As of my God *deſerted*, do I go?
Oppreſſed and deryided by my *Foe*.

10 Swords

10 Swords can *leſs* wound; and Spears *leſs* pierce my Heart,
Than do the *quick* and killing *words* they dart:
Whilſt my inſulting Foes continually,
Where's thy *dear God?* where's thy *ſure refuge?* cry:

11 *Why*, O my Soul! doſt thou thus *grieve?* And *why*
Deſert thy ſelf, and unlearn Conſtancy?
O truſt in God! He will *again* thee raiſe,
Who holds thee now; and is th' afflicted's Praiſe.

Pſalm XLIII.

[*Judica me Deus!*]

1 MY God! appear for *me*, and my juſt Cauſe,
Againſt the Men who violate thy Laws;
Thoſe who the plain and ſimple circumvent,
Th' *unjuſt*, the *treach'rous*, and the *fraudulent*.

2 For I from *none* can have redreſs, but *thee*;
From none but *thee*, who *now* haſt *baniſh'd* me;
O *why* am I caſt out; *Why*, Lord! am I
Thrown to the *Mercies* of mine *Enemy?*

3 Send from *above*, and ſave! O ſend thy Light
And thy *Truth* forth, and chaſe away my *Night*;
That they may lead me to thy *Holy Hill*,
And to the *Houſe* where thou my God doſt *dwell*.

4 That to thine Altars I may come; and bring
Unto my God, my *baniſh'd* Offering;
Take up my Harp agen, and, new inſpir'd,
May mix *Thankſgivings* with the *Altars Fire*.

5 *Why*, O my Soul! doſt thou *thus grieve?* And why
Deſert thy ſelf, and *unlearn* Conſtancy?
O truſt in God! He will *again* thee raiſe;
Who holds thee *now*, and is th' afflicted's Praiſe.

Pſalm XLIV.

[*Deus auribus noſtris.*]

1 WHat wonders, mighty God! have we been told
Thou didſt; and none but *thou* couldſt do, of *Old?*
2 How thou didſt plant our Fathers in this Land;
And its own People caſt out, by thy Hand;
3 For 'twas *thy* Hand; *thy* Pow'rful Arm alone,
Not their *own* Sword, got them Poſſeſſion;

But *thy Almighty* Favour, and the bright
Beams of *thy countenance*, and their *conquering Light.*
4 O our *ſame* God! Our *ſame* Almighty King!
To thine oppreſſed *Jacob* ſuccour, bring;
5 For, by *thee* aided, we ſhall *ſoon* put down
Our Foes, and *tread* them to *Confuſion.*

6 For I'le not truſt my *Bow*; 'tis not my *Sword*
Can help, or my *weak Arm* relief afford;
7 But it is *thou*, O Lord of Hoſts! *alone*
Who ſaveſt *us*, and throw'ſt our *Enemies* down:
8 Thus, Lord, we boaſt of thee, *all* the *day* long,
And ſtill as Victors, triumph in our *Song.*

9 But *now* thou doſt not with our Armies go;
But haſt *abandon*'d us unto the *Foe*;

10 The

10 The *ſtrength of Iſrael* is departed; we
11 Flee from a once *deſpiſed* Enemy.
They *ſpoil* us, and like Sheep, we *ſcatter'd* fly,
'Midſt our *Foes ſcatter'd*, and like Sheep we dye.

12 As *cheap* and *uſeleſs* Souls w'are *giv'n* away;
And thou takeſt *nothing* for the *worthleſs* Prey.
13 W'are *ſcorn'd* by thoſe about us; who *all* tell,
14 Scoffing, the *Fable* of thy *Iſrael*.
15 I'm *amaz'd* quite; cover'd with *ſhame* and ſcorn,
By Miſeries and vile *Reproaches* torn.

16 Purſu'd by th' fury of th' Avengers Sword,
And foul Blaſphemers deeper piercing *words*;
17 And though all this be come upon us, *yet*,
Yet, O our God! we do not *thee* forget;
Nor have we the *Eternal* Covenant brake
Which *thee* our God, thy People, *us*, did make.

18 Our Heart's not *turned back*, *nor* do we ſtray
In Paths *forbid*, from thy commanded way,
19 Not though w'are chac'd into the fearful Den
Of *Dragons*, Places yet *untrod* by Men:
Though, languiſhing, we draw our gaſping Breath
Within the Region of the Shade of Death.

20 *Had* we for *other Gods* deſerted thee,
21 And to a ſtrange Name bow'd, ſhould'ſt not thou ſee?
To whoſe clear ſight, plain and diſtinct are brought
The ſubtleſt Webs, and niceſt Chains of thought.
22 But 'tis for *thee* our God, w'are put to ſhame;
We bear th' Offence and Scandal of *thy Name*:

For thy ſake w'are oppreſs'd; for *thee* we ſlee;
For thee w'are hated, and for thee we dye:
23 Riſe, Lord! O riſe! why doſt thou, *as aſleep*,
Forget us? Wilt thou *no more* thy *Iſrael* keep?
24 *Why* doſt thou hide thy Face? O turn! look down!
See, Lord! thy Peoples laſt Oppreſſion.

25 *Groveling*, we *creep* upon the Earth; bow'd down
Low as the Duſt, and *level'd* with the *Ground*.
26 Lord, riſe! Lord, help! and pity on us take,
Great God of Mercy! for thy Mercy's ſake.

Gloria of two Verſes.

Pſalm XLV.

[*Eructavit cor meum.*]

1 FUll of the mighty Subject that I ſing,
My Heart breaths forth the Glories of my King,
My flowing thoughts move ſwifter than my Pen,
2 O Bleſs'd! O faireſt of the Sons of Men!

Graces ſit on thy Lips, from Heaven ſhowr'd down,
Round thy fair Soul, by Beauties Author thrown;
3 Gird on thy conquering Sword, O mighty One!
Bright, as thine Honour; Brave, as thy Renown.

4 Tell the falſe World where *true Honour* is,
5 It dwells with *Truth*, *Meekneſs*, and *Righteouſneſs*.
Be ever proſp'rous in purſuit of *theſe*,
Ride on! and may juſt Heaven its *own* Arms bleſs.

A glorious terrour from about thee hurl'd
Shall ſcatter, ſhall confound th' Apoſtate World.
6 How *firm's* thy Throne! firm as thy *Righteouſneſs*,
O King! O God! whoſe Scepter *Juſtice* is.

7 *Juſtice* has been thy *Love*, and *Wrong* thy hate;
Wherefore 'bove *others*, God has rais'd *thy* ſtate;
God is made *thine*; and on thy conquering Head
He has the Oyl of his own gladneſs ſhed.

8 Tears of rich Gums refreſh thee with their ſmells,
Pour'd on thy Garments from their Ivory Cells;
9 Daughters of Kings thy fair Attendants be,
And *Princeſſes* adorn thy Family.

But more adorn'd, more fair than theſe, did ſtand
Thy Queen; on thine and Beauties own right Hand;
Clad in a Veſt of Gold, with Colours wrought,
The Tribute to her Beauty *Ophir* brought.

10 Hear, Daughter! Hear, O Faireſt! now remove
Thy old afflictions, and *new plant* thy Love;
11 So ſhall the King rejoice; call thee, *his own*;
For he's thy *Lord*, he is thy *God* alone.

12 To thee the *Tyrians* ſhall their *Purple* bring;
And all the *Rich* preſent their *Offering*;
13 Daughter of Heaven! O Beauty, *All-Divine*!
Thou art *all fair*; *all Glorious*, *within*:

And though th' art clad with *all* we precious hold,
Art gives thy Garments Texture; Nature, Gold;
Yet, than thy *Soul*, that Gold is *leſs* refin'd,
Ev'n thine *own Beauties* yield unto thy *Mind*.

14 Thou thus adorn'd, ſhalt to the King be given
The *Royal Conſort*, and the *Spouſe* of *Heaven*:
A glorious train of Virgins wait on thee,
And the Chaſte, Fair, with thee preſented be.

15 With *Joy*, preſented; and receiv'd with thee,
They the moſt Beautiful Palace beautifie,
16 Thou, ſtead of *Parents*, ſhalt be bleſſed with *Son's*;
A Race of Princes for *all* Regions.

17 Throughout *all* Ages I'le extend thy Fame;
And, beyond Time fix thy Eternal Name.

Gloria of two Verſes.

Pſalm XLVI.

[*Deus noſter Refugium.*]

1 O Preſent ſtill! O *ſtill* protecting Lord!
Who help'ſt to thy *diſtreſſed* doſt afford,
2 *What* can us fright? ſhould the *fix'd Laws* o'th' world
Be broke, and Mountains into Seas be hurl'd;
3 Though Hills through Tempeſts rock, Seas overgrow;
O're *Immenſe* Cliffs the vaſter Billows flow;
4 'Midſt its *own* Calm, *Sion* the Storm *derides*,
Sion, the *Holy Place*, where *God* reſides.
5 God's in the midſt of her, How can ſhe move,
Suſtained by the Powerful Arm *above*?
The Lord of Hoſts, his *Sions ſtrength* ſhall be;
Himſelf ſhall help, ſhall help her ſpeedily.
6 The *Heathen* move; and *mighty Kingdoms* threat,
Earth's *ſhook* by the wild *Tempeſts* of the Great.

But

But God appears, utters his Voice, and they,
And their tempeſtuous greatneſs, melt away.

7 Fear not any *mortal* Powers,
Who can hurt, when God is ours?

8 See now, what *wonders* this our God hath wrought,
What deſolations on the Mighty brought.
9 He through the *bleeding* Earth makes Wars to ceaſe,
And ſheds the ſoft, the dewy Balm of *Peace*.
He breaks the Bow; confounds the mortal *Spear*,
And drives the furious Chariot to the fire:
10 *Know* then that I am God! know and be ſtill;
Great 'mongſt the Heathen, and my *Iſrael*.

11 Fear not any mortal Powers,
Who can hurt, when God is ours?

Pſalm XLVII.

[*Omnes Gentes Plaudite.*]

1 REjoyce, O thou *redeemed World*! Sing
Triumphant Praiſe to thy Triumphant King;
2 For *God* is King, *He* bears Dominion
O're all the *Kings* and *Gods* of Earth, alone.
3 He hath ſubdu'd the Nations under us,
4 *Us*, whom for his lov'd Heritage he choſe.

5 God, with the Trumpets ſound, aſcends on high;
With joyful noiſe, and Songs of Victory.
6 To our aſcended God, O Praiſes ſing!
O Praiſes ſing to our Triumphant King:

7 For *God* o're all the reſcu'd Earth is King,
Praiſes with *Skill* and *Underſtanding* ſing.

8 *God* rules the Nations, *God*, upon his Seat
Exalted, ever ſits; *Holy* and *Great*;
9 Princes ſubmit their Scepters to *his* Rod,
All made *One Iſrael*, under *Abrahams* God:
Who elſe can ſave? what new Almighty Power?
And who can hurt, when God's our Saviour?

Pſalm XLVIII.

[*Magnus Dominus.*]

1 GReat God! thou'rt greatly to be praiſed *ſtill*
In thine own Temple, on thine Holy Hill.
2 *Sion* Earth's joy, which, to th' *North* ſide is ſeen
O' th' Great King's City, and whoſe God's within;
Sion's known God, who guard her Palaces;
Still known to *her*, *now* to her *Enemies*:

4 For lo! the Kings of Earth's Confederate Pow'r,
5 Together came Aſſembled to devour;
But their bold Troops ſoon met confuſion;
Together *gather'd*, and *together gone*.
Amazement ſeiz'd 'em at thy Terrours ſent,
Diſarm'd by a Divine aſtoniſhment.

6 Fear, like a Womans fear in Travel, came
And there they fell, as the *fearful* fall, with ſhame;
7 Full, broke, as Ships, daſh'd by the furious ſhocks
O' th' *Eaſtern* Wind, in pieces 'gainſt the Rocks.

S Such,

8 Such, Mighty God! thy marvels were of *Old*
By our deliver'd, wondring Fathers told;

Which *now* thou haſt renew'd, and, what they tell,
To our ſlow Faiths confirm'ſt the Miracle:
And this great Truth confirm'ſt, That thou wilt ſtill,
O God of Hoſts! Protect thy holy Hill.
9 Our Souls, thus full o'th' Mercies thou haſt wrought,
Within thy Houſe thus ſpeak the flowing Thought.

10 Be thou for ever prais'd! and be thy Fame
To th' end of Earth extended as thy Name.
And juſtly, Lord! all Honour's due to thee,
Whoſe Hand divides Juſtice and Equity;
11 Let *Sion* praiſe thy Judgments, ſhewn for them,
And all the Daughters of *Jeruſalem*.

12 Walk about *Sion*; view the Glorious Mount;
13 Its Towers, Palaces, and Bulworks count:
And tell from *whom* all her firm Glories riſe,
To our Sons Sons, and their Poſterities.
For, Lord! Thou'rt God of us, and of our Seed,
Our preſent, *now*, and our *Eternal* Guide.

Pſalm XLIX.

[*Audite hæc omnes.*]

1 HEar, O ye Sons of Men! *who-e're* you are;
2 High, Low, Rich, Poor, ſecure or full of fear;
One with another; for all *equal* be
In the *great* Doom paſs'd on *Mortality*.

3 To *understanding* I'll incline my Heart,
And the great Depths of *Wisdom* will impart.
4 My Harp, inspir'd, to the loud Song shall rise;
And strike an Ayr, *high* as the Mysteries.

5 Why should I, anxious, fear *Adversity?*
6 Or quit my strength, when *Death* it self draws nigh?
7 All dye; nor can those *Mighty Ones*, who boast
8 Their Pow'r, or Wealth, *Redeem a Brother*, *lost*;

Unseal th' *Eternal* Grave; or, unto Death
Pay down th' unknown, th' unvalued *price* of *Breath*;
9 Prolong life's Race, that it extended be,
Beyond the Confines of Mortality.

10 The Wise man dies too, as the Fool, and leaves
His *painful* Wealth to *Strangers*; leaves, not gives:
11 And yet they think, though their *own House* of Clay
Dissolve, their *Dwelling-place* shall ever stay;

And to preserve the *Shadow* of a Fame,
Give to their Lands their own *departed* Name.
12 But worthless Man with his *vain Honour dies*;
Dies, as the ignoble *Beast* that perishes.

13 This yet's their folly *still*; this their lost way,
And their Posterity praise *All* they say.
14 Like slaughter'd Sheep, thrown in the Grave, they lye,
And Death devours *Them* and their *Memory*.

How far shall the bright Glories of th' *Upright*,
In the Great *Morn* of Life's Eternal Light,
Out-shine these Meteors! whose wan, sickly Ray,
Shall set in Night, and vanish at their Day.

But

15 But God ſhall raiſe my Soul from the dark Night
O'th' Grave into the Regions of *Light.*
16 Be not thou mov'd at th' Rich and Glorious,
Who does advance the Grandeur of his Houſe:

17 For Man, as naked *born*, ſo naked *dies*;
And in the Duſt, *cold* and *inglorious* lies;
Pomp mixes not with *Clay*, he's reft of *All*,
And his ſtript *Glories* have *their* Funeral.

18 Yet while he liv'd, he dream't he happy was;
But with his breath the guilded Dream did paſs:
Do well unto thy *ſelf*, and cultivate
Thy *Mind*; ſuch Good's *thine Own*, and above Fate;

For Men, who ſee it, will record thy Fame;
And with thy proper *Worth* adorn thy *Name*:
19 But worthleſs Souls paſs on to endleſs Night,
With their Fore-Fathers, and ſhall ne're ſee Light.

20 The Honour'd without Underſtanding *dies*;
And dies, as the dull *Beaſt* that periſhes.

Gloria *of two Verſes.*

Pſalm L.

[*Deus Deorum Dominus.*]

1 THE Lord, the God of *Men* and *Gods*, is come,
2 And ſummons all the World to their Doom;
He on his Glorious Mount appears, and calls
The Earth, from the Sun's *riſe*, to where it *falls.*

Our

3 Our God will come, and his great Day of Doom;
With Storms and Glories circled, God will come.
4 He calls the Earth to witneſs and admire
His Judgment; calls Heaven, and its conſcious Fires.

5 Gather my Saints together to me, thoſe
With whom, to make a Covenant, I have choſe:
6 And now, *Hear*, O ye Heavens! *Hear*, and *confeſs*
(For God is Judge himſelf) his *Righteouſneſs*.

7 Hear, *Iſrael!* Hear, my People! thy ſelf be
The Witneſs, how thy *God* ſhall deal with thee:
8 I'll not reprove thee for the *Offerings*
Thou didſt *leſs frequent* to mine Altar bring.

9 I will not take a *Goat* out of thy Fold;
Or other Creature which thy Paſtures hold:
10 *All* Beaſts are mine which the wild Forreſt fills;
And Cattel on a thouſand thouſand Hills:

11 Each Wing I know, o're the ſteep Mountain flies;
Each Beaſt, which in his cloſeſt Covert lies.
12 If I *could* hunger, I'd not tell it *Thee*;
The World, and all it holds, belongs to *Me*.

13 Think'ſt thou I eat Bulls Fleſh? That for me dies
The Off'ring? And I live by Sacrifice?
14 Bring to mine Altar *Thanks* and *Praiſe*, make good
Thy *Vows*, and thou may'ſt Offer *without* Blood:

15 And call upon me in the perillous days
Of trouble; *I* will hear, and *Thou* ſhalt praiſe.
16 To th' wicked then God ſaid, How dar'ſt thou Preach
17 My Laws, and live, *falſe* to the Truths *they* teach.

Why

Why doſt thou *vainly boaſt* my Covenant,
Who having nought perform'd, cancell'ſt my Grant?
18 When thou haſt ſeen a Thief thou didſt *conſent*,
And follow'dſt when the cloſe Adulterer went.

19 Thou haſt accuſtom'd thy opprobrious Tongue
To *Falſhood*, *Treachery*, black *Reproach* and *Wrong*:
20 Thou violat'ſt the ſpotleſs *tender* Fame (Name.
O' th' vertuous, and wound'ſt thine own Brothers

21 And whilſt my kind long-ſuffering *ſlept* for thee,
Thy Blaſphemy roſe *higher* and aim'd at *Me*.
But I'll thy ſins order before thine Eyes,
Beyond th' Evaſions of thine own Replies.

22 O ye who God forget, conſider *this!*
Before I pluck you *hence*, and *none* releaſe.
23 Who offers *Thanks*, does offer *Sacrifice*,
Praiſe aſcends *higher*, and above Incenſe flies:

And that cleans'd, grateful Soul, which lives upright,
I'll free from death, and place in endleſs Light.

Gloria *of two Verſes.*

Pſalm LI.

[*Miſerere mei Deus ſecundum*, &c.

1 O Thou whoſe boundleſs Mercies ever flow,
And, as thy ſelf, nor Term, nor Meaſure know,
Let my tranſfixed, anguiſh'd ſoul, now prove
The inexhauſted Bounties of thy Love.

Bathe

2 Bathe me in that pure Spring flows for th' unſound;
Whoſe vertuous *Streams* can cleanſe & heal my *Wound*;
3 My loathſome *Wound*; which (Lord) I here expoſe,
And my abominated Crimes diſcloſe.

The horrour of their Guilt me terrifies
In gaſtly Forms, ſtill waking to mine Eyes.
4 Againſt *thee* (holy God) 'gainſt thee *alone*
I've ſinn'd, and in thy ſight this Evil done:

And, if thou ſhould'ſt condemn me, muſt confeſs
My *Doom* were juſt, and juſt thy *Righteouſneſs*.
5 I'th' *Dawn* of life, before I ſaw the Sun,
The Seeds of Ill ſtain'd my Conception.

6 And though in my laps'd Soul, immers'd, does ſhine
Thy Wiſdom, and a Ray of Light Divine;
Yet my frail Soul, falſe to that Heav'nly Fire,
Weds the baſe Luſts and Follies of Deſire.
7 With { thy Blood / Hyſop } cleanſe my ſtains, and I ſhall grow
More Pure, more White, than is the falling Snow.
8 Make me to hear the long-departed Voice
Of Gladneſs, that the broke bones may rejoice.

9 From mine Offences turn away thy Face,
And all the deep and leprous Prints eraſe.
10 Renew my mind, eſtrang'd to falſe deſires,
And kindle in it its faln primitive Fires.

11 From thy bleſs'd Preſence, caſt me not away;
But guide me with thy Spirit leſt I ſtray;
12 The Joys of thy Salvation reſtore,
And ſtabliſh me, that I may fall no more.

Then

13 Then the Tranſgreſſors, who, like me did *ſtray*,
Like me, ſhall turn again into the way;
14 From the deep ſtains and the loud Cries of Blood,
Waſh me i'th' living Font's Immortal Flood.

Then ſhall my raviſh'd Tongue *aloud* confeſs
Thy Mercies and amazing Righteouſneſs.
15 Then ſhall my Lips an *higher* Anthem raiſe,
When thou thy *ſelf* inſpir'ſt thy *mighty* Praiſe.

16 Could *Sacrifice* appeaſe thee, I had ſoon
The certain *Price* of all my ſins *paid down*;
But Pardon comes not at ſo vile a rate;
Now *Blood*, nor *Incenſe*, can ſins Expiate.

17 A *Bleeding* Heart; Souls chang'd to *new* deſires,
Which *put out* Earthly; *kindle* Heav'nly Fires;
Are th' only Pure accepted Sacrifice;
A contrite Heart, O God! thou'lt not deſpiſe.

19 Look on thy *Sion*, Lord! Build up the Wall
Of thy *Jeruſalem*, broke down by all;
We'll then, with Blood and common *Sacrifice*,
Bring the *true* Sacrifice of *Righteouſneſs*.

Pſalm LII.

[*Quid gloriaris in Malitia?*]

1 WHy, Potent Wretch! (Power?
boaſts thou a wicked
As if 'twere great and glorious to devour?
Know, *Goodneſs* the *Almighty's Honour* is,
Which ſhall *bleſs thee*, and thine *Oppreſs'd releaſe*.

2 Thy

2 Thy falſe Tongue miſchief only does deviſe,
Sharpned with Lies and killing Treacheries:
3 Art profeſs'd Enemy to Truth and Right,
And doſt in Ill alone place thy delight.

4 Falſe Tongue! who doſt prevail by thine *own* power,
And lov'ſt the words are mighty to devour;
5 Shall find th' avenging God, the God of Might,
VVill vindicate Oppreſſed Truth and Right;

VVill pluck thee out from thy cloſe winding Den
Of Guile, and baniſh thee the Race of Men;
6 The Juſt ſhall ſee and fear, and ſhall deride
The ruin'd heights and confuſions of Pride.

7 This was the Man (ſay they) ſought other ſtrength
Than God; And where's the pow'rful VVretch at (length?
His Trophies, got by Force, or Fraud and Stealth,
VVhere are they ſunk? where's his Almighty (VVealth?

8 But *I*, who ever on my God rely,
On his ſure Mercies long Benignity,
Like a green Olive Tree in Peace ſhall ſtand,
In Gods own Courts, planted by Gods own Hand.

9 For theſe great Judgments thou haſt ſhewn for me,
O juſt Avenger! I thee magnifie.
Thou'rt all my hope; with me join in thy Love
The *Juſt* on *Earth*, and all the Bleſs'd above.

The 53 *Pſalm being the ſame with the* 14th *is omitted.*

Pſalm

Psalm LIV.

[*Deus in Nomine tuo*]

1 SAve me, O Lord! ſave by and for thy Name,
And the wild rage of the Oppreſſor tame;
2 Hear, Lord! for they who o're me Tyranniſe
3 Are Strangers to thy Name, and *thee* deſpiſe:

4 But lo! from Heaven my God appears for me;
Sets *me*, and thoſe who do aſſiſt me, free:
5 Renders Confuſion to my Foes; who all
To his unconquer'd Truth juſt Triumphs fall.

6 Accept, O God, who ſtill my Succour art,
The Off'ring of a voluntary Heart:
I will thy holy Name for ever bleſs,
So Great, ſo Good, ſo all my happineſs:

7 For I from all my Miſeries am free,
And ſee thy Glory on mine Enemy.

Gloria *of two Verſes.*

Psalm LV.

[*Exaudi Deus orationem.*]

1 LOrd, hear my Prayer! Hear my fervent Cry!
Look on me, Lord! oppreſs'd with Miſery.

2 Mingled with ſighs, hear my Petition,
And *hear* thoſe *ſighs*, and the deep frequent Groan;
3 With Malice arm'd, and Rage, my Enemy
Purſues me, and with Violent Cries draws nigh.

4 My Heart within me is diſquieted,
And Death's black Cloud ſtoops hov'ring o're my Head;
5 Horror and dreadful Fears aſtoniſh me,
My melted ſtrength's diſſolv'd i'th' Agony:
6 O had I VVings, as has a Dove, how then
VVould I ſoon fly from the faln Race of Men!

7 And to ſome quiet VVilderneſs fly hence,
Born with the Doves VVing, and Doves Innocence:
8 There would I reſt, far from the Cries of wrong,
In its vaſt Calm loſt to th' ſpent Storms o'th' Tongue:
9 Cleave the Malicious Tongues, and cut them out;
For ſtrife and wrong the City dwells throughout:

ſurround
10 I'th' midſt of which, whilſt theſe their VValls
Th'Oppreſſors wrongs, th' Oppreſſed's Tears abound;
11 Falſhood dwells in their Streets, and in their Hearts
Deceit bears Rule, and all its Curious Arts.
12 'Twas no known Enemy diſhonour'd me,
I could have born th' expected Injury;

And from a Foe, who had himſelf *declar'd*,
I had withdrawn my ſelf, if unprepar'd;
13 But thou, my Friend! Could *I* from thee fear harms?
Embracing me, haſt cruſh'd me in thine Arms.
14 One Counſel ſteer'd us, our Souls were knit as One,
In Friendſhip's, and our God's Religion.

15 Let

15 Let them be ſnatch'd away by ſudden Death!
And the Grave ſeize their unexpired Breath.
For they themſelves abandon to all Ill,
Miſchiefs, and they as in one Houſhold dwell.
16 But as for me, I to my God will flee
For Refuge, and my God will reſcue me.

17 At Evening, Morn, and Noon, I'll ſeek to thee,
VVho wilt not ſhut out my continual Cry;
18 'Tis He, who when i'th' Field a numerous Pow'r
Beſet me, or ſubdu'd, or brought them o're;
19 Th' Eternal Rightful Judge heard my Appeal,
And Vengeance 'gainſt th' obdurate did reveal.

VVho being never waken'd by diſtreſs,
Fear'd not the Lord; undone by happineſs.
20 VVho, faithleſs, his moſt Sacred Covenant brake,
And a feign'd Peace, did VVars chief Engine make:
21 His Lips dropp'd Balm, whilſt his Heart Poyſon meant,
VVith healing Dews the killing Venom went.

Smoother than Oyl, flow'd out his Charming Words,
But when believed, they were very Swords.
22 O caſt thy Burthen on the Lord! remit
All unto him, and he ſhall care for it.
He ſhall himſelf ſuſtain the Righteous,
VVhom, reſting on his Pow'r, no Pow'r o're throws.

But his Juſt Arm ſhall hurle th' Oppreſſor down,
Down into the Pit of Deſtruction,
The falſe and Bloody Man his Days ſhall never
Fulfill; But I, truſting in God, live ever.

Gloria *of two Verſes.*

Psalm LVI.

[*Miserere mei Deus quoniam.*]

1 LOrd, snatch me from the greedy Jaws of those
2 Who are devouring me, the Contentious;
From their beloved strife who never cease,
But with new *Quarrels* daily rend my Peace.

Mine Enemies combine to swallow me,
Pressing with Number and Sedulity;
3 This frights me, but when my Fears present are,
I view my hopes, and the two strengths compare.

4 My hopes on thy help rests, of which thy Word,
O thou my Praise! th' assurance does afford.
And what can any Arm of Flesh do now?
My Trust's *above*; Injustice is *below*.

5 They falsly wrest my Words, and represent
Another Sense, from what my clear thoughts meant;
All their contrivances for mischiefs be,
And their whole business is to ruine me.

6 For this they meet, weave curious Plots and dark,
And my unwary Soul's plain footsteps mark.
7 O Righteous Judge! shall safe Oppression thrive?
Thou shalt it down precipitately drive.

8 Record my Sufferings, and when wrong'd I mourn,
Pour mine appealing Tears into thine Urne:
9 Thou art my Refuge, when on thee I call,
O my known Aid! mine Enemies must fall.

10 Thy

10 Thy Wor'ds my Truſt; thy promis'd Word, my Joy;
11 When thou wi't ſave, what Power can deſtroy?
12 My reſcu'd Soul ſhall pay its Vows to thee,
And thee, its Great Redeemer, magnifie.

13 For, from the Grave thou didſt me back recall,
Held'ſt my prone ſteps, put forth and ready to fall;
That I, thus reſcu'd, might enjoy thy ſight
I'th' Land of th' Living, 'mongſt the Sons of Light.

Pſalm LVII.

[*Miſerere mei Deus Miſerere.*]

1 I Have no other Refuge, Lord! but thee:
Have mercy, Lord! Have mercy, Lord! on me.
To the known ſafety of thy Wing I fly,
Until the Fury of theſe Storms paſs by.

2 On thee alone I all my hope have laid,
O never-failing! O ſufficient Aid!
3 Thou, from the black reproachful Calumny
Devours my Fame, ſhalt ſave me from on High.

Truth ſhall deſcend, and vindicate my Cauſe;
And mercy ſave me from thoſe Lyons Jaws,
4 'Mongſt whom I dwell; thoſe Men whom Rage unmans,
Rage, that lets looſe the Beaſt, and the Man Chains;

Whoſe quick Reproaches pierce like ſharpeſt Swords;
And Spears and Arrows are their killing Words.
5 Exalt thy ſelf 'bove th' Heav'ns, O thou moſt High!
And through all th' Earth diffuſe thy Majeſty.

6 They have press'd down my Soul, and dig'd a Pit;
And hid in my plain Path a treach'rous Net:
The Net has caught themselves, and the false Pit
Beguil'd its own Contrivers wary Feet.

7 My Soul's possess'd, O God! and full of thee,
Breaks into Praise, not to be' held in by me.
8 Glory, awake! wake Harp! and Lute! and tell,
Tell, if you can, what is Ineffable!

And thou, my Soul, wake first! wake all my Pow'rs!
Prevent the Morn, and give the Day more Hours!
9 Sing his loud Praise among the Nations!
Extend it wide as his Dominions!

10 Extend it 'bove the Clouds, 'bove th' Heav'ns extend;
Mercy and Truth reach thither, where's no End.
11 Exalt thy self 'bove th' Heav'ns, O thou most High!
And through all th' Earth, diffuse thy Majesty.

Psalm LVIII.

[*Si vere utique Judicium.*]

1 DOes Justice on your Judgment Seats reside?
2 And Righteousness your awful Senates guide,
O Sons of Men? O Sons of Men, *alone*!
From your great Parents Image *laps'd* and *gone*.

Your false Hearts favour Violence and Might;
3 Go tremble Truth, and poor and friendless Right.
Born Truth's deserters and Right's Enemies,
Your Lives are full of deceit and Lies.

4 Poyson

4 Poyſon from you, does as from *Serpents* flow,
5 Like Poyſon ſubtile, and deſtroying too.
As the deaf Adder, ſo *you* ſtop *your* Ear,
Kill on, and will not any Charmer hear.

6 Break, Lord! the Teeth of this degenerate Race
Of Men, young Lions; and curſe them from their Place.
7 Like Water *pour'd* out, *be they* ſtill melting down,
Be empti'd quite, and drank up by the Ground.

When they their cruel Arrows ſhall prepare,
Cut the vain Shafts, and break 'em in the Air.
8 Let them conſume like Snails, and turn to ſlime,
And like Abortives, fall before their time.

9 Swifter then Flames, can Heat, or Tempeſts flye,
Rapt by thy Anger's Whirl-wind, let them dye:
Be they with ſenſe of Guilt and Wrath perplex'd;
As a raw Wound by a rough Hand is vex'd.

10 The Juſt in Triumph ſhall the Vengeance ſee,
And all the World convinc'd acknowledge thee:
Doubtleſs (they'll ſay) there is a God above,
Condemns th' Unjuſt, and does the Juſt approve.

Pſalm LIX.

[*Eripe me de Inimicis.*]

1 SAve me O God! from thoſe who 'gainſt me riſe,
2 From my Blood-thirſty, Cruel Enemies.
3 They lye in wait to take my life; ſet on,
Not by *my* ſins, O Lord! but by *their Own*:

4 Their Malice arms them, without mine Offence;
Behold, O Lord! and guard mine Innocence.
5 Lord of all Earthly, and all Heav'nly Pow'rs,
Viſit the Heathen! Judge their Cauſe and Ours:

And puniſh thoſe who cauſeleſly tranſgreſs,
And ſin out of malicious Wickedneſs.
6 As hating Light, and Enemies of Day,
They rowze at Ev'n; Creatures of Night and Prey:

Snarling like Dogs, the City they inveſt,
When ſleep Chains all, and all, but Malice, reſt:
7 Sharp as their VVeapons, are their curſing Words;
They ſtrike with both, and kill with either Sword:

And who ſhall hear? who ſhall revenge? they cry;
More high than us is *Iſrael's* moſt High?
8 But thou, O Lord! doſt their vain boaſts deride;
And ſhall, contemning, cruſh the Inſulters Pride.

9 Thou art my ſtrength; I wait, O God! on thee,
My known Defence againſt mine Enemy.
10 Thou ſhalt prevent me, Lord! and let me ſee
Thy Vengeance, ſwifter than my wiſhes, flee.

11 Slay them not utterly, O God! leſt we
Forget th' Almighty's ſignal Victory:
But be they through the VVorld, th' Examples known
Of Divine Vengeance, and Protection.

12 Let their own Curſes blaſt them! and the Lies
Entangle them, which their own Lips deviſe;
13 Conſume, conſume them, that they may not Be;
That *Jacob*, and the VVorld may confeſs thee.

14 And

14 And now let them return at night, and grin,
And again compaſs deſpis'd *Sion* in:
15 Loſt Wretches! let them wandring ſeek for Bread,
And grudge and pine, becauſe unſatisfi'd.

16 My raviſh'd Tongue ſhall ſing aloud thy Pow'r;
17 Riſe e're the Morning, and awake the Hours:
O my ſole Refuge! who haſt ſet me free
In the great Day of my Calamity.

Pſalm LX.

[*Deus repuliſti nos.*]

1 O Juſt, O moſt offended God! whoſe Hand
2 Has ſcatter'd us abroad, and mov'd the Land:
O turn! O heal us! and again make One
Thy waſted and divided Region.

3 Thou to thy People heavy things haſt ſhown,
Made us drink off a deadly Potion:
4 But for thy Truth's ſake thou haſt now diſplay'd
Thy Banner, and ſent thoſe who fear thee, Aid.

5 That thy Beloved, who thy help do crave,
May be delivered; O hear, and ſave!
6 And thou wilt ſave, wilt the torn Remnant bleſs;
For thou haſt ſworn, ſworn in thy Holineſs,

I will in Triumph *Sichem*'s Land divide,
And give to mine *Succoth*'s rich Valley's Pride:
7 Mine is *Manaſſes*; mine fair *Gilead*'s Fields;
Ephraim's my Guard; *Judah* my Scepter wields.

Moab

8 *Moab* ſhall ſerve, *Edom* I down will tread,
And the bold *Philiſtims* in Triumph lead.
9 Who into *Edoms* Forts ſecures my way?
And its proud Towers ſhall in Ruines lay?

10 Who, Lord! but thou? who thine Inheritance
Deſerting ruind'ſt, returning ſhalt advance.
11 O turn to thy diſtreſſed Ones again,
Be thou our help, for all Mans help is vain.

12 Trod down by thee, our Enemies ſhall flee,
And we ſhall riſe; Great God! we follow thee.

Gloria *of two Verſes.*

Pſalm LXI.

[*Exaudi Deus deprecationem.*]

1 FRom out the utmoſt Coaſts of Earth, to none
2 But Nature and my ſtraying footſteps known,
O're-whelm'd with grief, I ſend up unto thee,
VVho fill'ſt each place, my no-where-diſtant cry.
O ſet me on the Rock higher than I!
High above Earth, Mans Land of Miſery:

3 That Rock in whom alone I truſt; whoſe Power
Has ſtill my ſhelter been, and ſtill my Tower;
4 Safe in thy Houſe my cover'd Days I'll lead,
And truſt that VVing whoſe ſhade obſcures my Head.
5 For thou haſt heard my Prayer, and for thoſe
VVho fear thy Name, an Heritage haſt choſe.

6 Thou

6 Thou to the King a termleſs Life ſhalt lend,
Throughout all Ages, and when Ages end.
7 He ſhall ſtill dwell with thee, let his Guard be
Thy Goodneſs, and Eternal Verity.
8 So ſhall I always bleſs thee, and each Day
Renew'd Thankſgivings humbly vow and pay.

Pſalm LXII.

[*Nonne Deo ſubjecta erit.*]

1 WHat e're the Terror or the Danger be,
2 My Soul ſtill waits, ſtill truly waits on thee.
For ſince my God is my Salvation,
My Guard, my Rock, I ne're can be o'rethrown.

3 How long will you 'gainſt him God does ſuſtain
Miſchiefs deviſe, and wicked be, in vain?
Prone unto ruine, ye ſhall periſh all,
Like a broke Hedge, or undermined VVall.

4 VVhom God exalts, their aim is to put down,
And level his advanced Station.
Spreading ill Fames and bold Infectious Lies,
Curſe with good words, and with falſe Hearts they bleſs;
5 What e're their known or cloſe Deſigns may be,
O thou my Soul! ſtill on thy God rely.
6 For ſince my God is my Salvation,
My Guard, my Rock, I ne're can be o'rethrown.

7 God is my Refuge, God my Strength alone,
My Glory, and my ſole Protection.

8 O all ye Sons of Men! pour forth your Heart
In all Diſtreſs to him, He'll help impart.

9 Truſt not the Poor, the Poor no help can give;
Nor truſt the Great, the Great will it deceive:
Put in the Balance them and Vanity,
And Vanity it ſelf will over-weigh.

10 Truſt not the Spoils of the Oppreſſed's Field,
Nor the vaſt Gains ſafe Robberies do yield;
In none of Earths deceitful Treaſures truſt,
Nor the falſe Bounties of the Gilded Duſt.

11 But truſt in God. Thine Oracles Divine
Have oft to Mortals told, *All Pow'r is mine*;
Proclaim'd thy Goodneſs too, who will diſpence
To all our Actions their juſt Recompence.

Pſalm LXIII.

[*Deus Deus meus ad te.*]

1 O Lord my God! early I ſeek to thee,
E're the Day mount, and the chas'd Shadows flee.
My Soul, *ſo* thirſts, *ſo*, dying, languiſhes,
As here, my Body, where no Water is;
2 That I thy Glories may behold agen
Within thy Temple, as I erſt have ſeen.

3 For Life's leſs ſweet than th' Joys thy Love does give;
Immortal Joys, which Souls but taſte and live.
4 My Soul thus fill'd, ſhall Number o're its Days,
In Off'ring Thanks; and live a Life of Praiſe.

O

O the high taſtes of Souls thy Love inſpires!
When they, in Praiſe, reflect th' emitted Fires.

6 Raviſh'd upon my Bed I Thee have ſought,
VVhen Night and Silence fed the mighty thought.
7 My Soul lies down i'th' Covert thou haſt made,
Made by that Wing, where ſafety is the Shade.
8 O only Pow'r! whoſe Arm ſtill reſcues me,
My Soul does *ſtill enjoy*, ſtill *thirſt* for thee.

9 They who purſue my Soul, ſhall be thrown down,
10 Be made the Sword's, and th' wild Beaſt's Portion.
11 The King ſhall in his God rejoyce; and they
With Praiſe rewarded be, who him obey;
For their black Mouths who do Untruths deviſe,
Shall be for ever clos'd; they, and their Lies.

Pſalm LXIV.

[*Exaudi Deus Orationem!*]

1 LOrd! ſave my life from thoſe who 'gainſt me riſe,
2 My treacherous, conſpiring Enemies;
3 Who whet their Tongues, and Words, as Darts, pre-
The Weapons of malicious, private War. (pare;

4 In ſecret hid, they warily take aim,
5 And 'gainſt th' upright, level a guilty Fame.
Cloſe, as their Snare, their ſelves in ſecret lye,
And, who ſhall ſee? who ſhall reward? they Cry.

6 They ſearch for Crimes; what, without Fault, was done,
By wreſting, they interpret into One.

Their

Their thoughts are ſubtile, curious, and profound;
Pierce deep, as their malicious Hearts do wound.

7 But from th' Almighty's Arm, a ſudden Dart,
Unſeen, inevitable, ſtrikes through their Heart.
8 Their faultring Tongue ſhall its own lies oppoſe,
'Maze the Confed'rates, and the Truth diſcloſe.

9 All Men ſhall ſee and fear; and underſtand,
Vengeance came down, diſpens'd by Gods own Hand.
10 And all the Juſt ſhall magnifie that Pow'r
Appear'd for them, and truſt that Saviour.

Pſalm LXV.

[*Te decet Hymnus Deus!*]

1 PRaiſe waits thee, Lord! and Silence above Praiſe;
When Souls, no voice, equal to Thought, can raiſe:
To thine own Courts, in *Sion*, we will bring
Our humble Vows, and promis'd Offering.

2 O thou who heareſt Pray'r! and grant'ſt the cry
Of the diſtreſs'd! All Fleſh ſhall come to thee.
3 Our ſins had cover'd us; Their vaſt account
O're-whelm'd us, but thy Mercies did ſurmount.

4 O Bleſs'd the Man! O happy! thou haſt choſe,
Whoſe ravith'd Soul ſhall in thy Courts repoſe;
Who, with th' abundant Pleaſures ſhall be fill'd
Thy Houſe affords, and only it can yield.

5 How

5 How terrible thy Judgements, Lord! appear,
When thou ſav'ſt us, and learn'ſt the World thy fear!
Hope of all th' Earth! All th' Earth on thee depend;
And who to th' Terrours of the Deep deſcend.

6 Girded with Pow'r, who ſet'ſt the Mountains faſt;
And their ſunk Roots, ſteep, as their Heights haſt (plac'd.
7 Who charm'ſt the Winds; mak'ſt the wild Seas obey,
And the Tumultuous People, wild as they.

8 Whoſe Pow'r in ſigns and wonders far is ſhown,
As Natures Coaſt, or that of Being's known.
Whom ſetting and returning Light does praiſe,
And the full Circles of the Nights and Days.

9 Upon the teeming Boſom of the Ground,
Bleſſings from thee deſcend, and Fruits abound.
Thy Bounties waſte not; but their River flows,
Still full, ſtill pouring forth, and no Ebb knows.

Thus for the Earth thou Bleſſings doſt command;
And all Fleſh waits the Bounties of thy Hand.
10 Thy Rains make ſoft the Earths relenting Bed,
Melt down the Maſs, and wake the Life o'th' Seed.

11 Thou doſt the happy Year with bleſſings crown,
And thine abundant Clouds drop Plenty down.
12 Drop on the Paſtures of the Wilderneſs,
And all the little Hills the Donor bleſs.

Paſtures with Flocks abound; with Corn the Field,
All, bleſs'd by thee, all, to thee Praiſes yield.

Gloria *of two Verſes.*

Pſalm LXVI.

[*Jubilate Deo omnis terra.*]

1 LEt all the World their diff'rent Voices raiſe!
And the one only Language ſpeak, of Praiſe!
2 Sing forth his Honour, all! Each his Part bear,
And in his Glory joyn the diſtant *Choire.*

3 Say all! How terrible, Great God! art thou,
To whoſe acknowledg'd Pow'r thine Enemies bow!
4 For all the World ſhall fall down to thee,
Confeſs thee, and adore thy Majeſty.

5 Behold the works of God! his wonders, done
For Man; his terrible Salvation.
6 He ſtopp'd the Seas, and the commanded Heap
Stood faſt, while the ſafe Hoſt march'd through the Deep.

7 His Power fixes the Eternal Laws
Of Nature, firm and potent in their Cauſe.
He wakes for Man; th' Obedient does ſuſtain;
But makes th' attempts of the Rebellious, vain.

8 O praiſe the Lord! the God alone that's fear'd,
Praiſe him aloud; make his juſt Praiſe be heard.
9 VVho keeps our Soul; holds back the Fugitive;
And gently winds it i'th' ſoft Bonds of Life.

Confirms

Confirms our ſtrength, ſuſtains it from above;
And gives to our try'd footſteps *not to move*:
10 For thou, O God! haſt us thy People try'd
As Silver, when i'th' Fire 'tis purify'd.

11 Thou brought'ſt our erring ſteps into the Snare,
And chain'dſt us faſt to Miſeries and Care.
12 Our Enemies prevail'd, and trod us down;
Subjected to a ſcorn'd Oppreſſion.

We, through the midſt of Fire, and Water, went;
And all the inhuman Arts of Puniſhment.
'Midſt Fire and Water, and the extreams of Pain,
Thou brought'ſt us off, and ſafe reſtor'dſt again.

13 Draw now, (my Soul) the withdrawn guilty Scene!
14 Preſent thy Suff'rings; Woes; Deſpairs, agen!
And what, amidſt thoſe Tortures, thou didſt Vow;
Be Juſt, and in Gods Houſe, pay th' Off'ring, now.

15 Prepare the Altar! kill the Sacrifice!
And in one Cloud, let th' invovl'd Incenſe riſe.
16 O all who fear the Lord, draw nigh! and ſee
What his Almighty Goodneſs wrought for me.

17 In my diſtreſs, I to my God did call;
And did his help, above all help, extol;
18 I cleans'd my Soul; ſhould I to him addreſs
Polluted Vows, who abhors Wickedneſs?

And, O my God! Thou heard'ſt me; didſt attend,
And from thy Heav'n a mighty Succour ſend.
Bleſs'd ever be my God who heard my ſuit,
Drew nigh, rais'd up, and ſav'd the Deſtitute

Psalm LXVII.

[*Deus Misereatur Nostri!*]

1 BE merciful, O God! Chace away Night!
And bless us with the Vision of thy Light;
2 That unto all the Earth thy way be known,
Thy Universal, glad Salvation.

3 O let thy Name and Praise resounded be
Through all dark Coasts of faln Humanity!
4 How will the Nations joy, when God does reign!
When Justice comes, and Mercy dawns again?

5 O let thy Name and Praise resounded be
Through all dark Coasts of faln Humanity!
6 Earth, as renew'd, shall then yield her increase,
And God, his own Mankind, all People, bless.

7 O bless us! and make thine, All Nations!
Be thy Redeem'd Ones, All! and All thy Sons!

Gloria *of two Verses.*

Psalm LXVIII.

[*Exurgat Deus.*]

1 O Just, O only Pow'rful God, arise!
And scatter those, dare be thine Enemies.

2 As

2 As Smoke, diſperſing ſtill, aſcends and dies,
Or melted Wax, floating and formleſs lies;
3 So periſh the Unjuſt! Let the Juſt live!
Live ever, and Immortal Praiſes give.

4 O ſing *Jehovah*'s Praiſe! ſing it aloud,
Who rides upon the Chariot of a Cloud
5 The Orphan's Father; Judge o'th' Widows Cauſe;
Whith he regards from out his holy Place.
6 Who gives an home to th' out-caſt Family,
Leads forth the Priſoner from Captivity:

But the Rebellious, falſe to his Command,
Condemns to th' Labours of a thirſty Land.
7 O God! when thou thy *ſelf* didſt *Iſrael* lead,
And of *our Hoſt thou Lord* of *Hoſts* wert Head,
8 Earth trembled; and the melting Heav'ns drop'd (down;
Sinai was loos'd from its Foundation.

9 When Drouth had parch'd the Land, thou gav'ſt it rain,
Renew'dſt its ſpent, and wearied ſtrength again.
10 For thou, thy Peoples want ſupply'ſt; thy ſtore,
O Lord of Bounty! furniſhes the Poor.
11 Thou gav'ſt us Victory, and inſpir'dſt the Song;
Thus chanted, by the numerous, feeble Throng.

12 "Kings with their Potent Armies fled, and they
"Who ſate at home, the weak, poſſeſs'd the Prey.
13 "Reſume your hopes! for though ye yet have lain
"In Beds of Clay, ye ſhall be bright again;
"As the fair glittering Plume o'th' Dove is bright;
"Guilded with Beams, and the rich ſtrokes of Light.

14 " Thus were ye bright, when God did overthrow
" Kings for your ſakes, bright as is *Salmon*'s Snow.
15 " Let conquer'd *Baſan* boaſt no more; God's Hill
" Exalted *Baſan*'s Height does far excel.
16 " Nor boaſt your ſelves, ye other Hills! what Hill
" Can equal that where God himſelf does dwell?

17 Dwell with the *Hoſt* and all the Strength of Heav'n,
In thouſand thouſand winged Chariots, driven?
I'th' midſt of whom, as in his Sanctuary,
God reſts; prais'd with Eternal Harmony.
18 To this great Choire Thou art gone up on high;
And with thee, Captive lead'ſt, Captivity.

And haſt receiv'd the Donatives of Heav'n,
VVhich thou to men; to men, thy Foes, haſt giv'n.
That the Rebellious Souls, thou did'ſt redeem,
Might dwell with God; & God might dwell with them.
19 O praiſe the Lord! whoſe Bounties ever flow,
VVhoſe Love no Current has, but to beſtow.

20 He gives Salvation; He redeems our Breath:
Frees from, or gives us Victory in Death.
21 But God ſhall wound his profeſs'd Enemies,
Who wilfully perſiſt in wickedneſs.
22 But I'll *mine own*, ſays God, in Triumph bring,
As led through th' Sea; or leading *Baſan*'s King.

23 That thou thy ſteps may'ſt waſh, i'th'blood o'th' ſlain;
And Dogs, i'th' purple flood, their dip'd tongues ſtain.
24 We thy accuſtom'd Praiſes then ſhall ſee
In the Proceſſions of thy Sanctu'ry:
25 Where Voices led; clos'd up, by th' *Inſtruments*,
Virgins i'th' midſt, with waving *Timbrels* went.

26 O bleſs the Lord! each *Iſraelite* bear his part!
And, loudeſt in the Conſort, bring his Heart.
27 How great's th' appearance! There is *Benjamin*,
Who with their little Tribe, their Ruler bring;
Judah their ſtrength, who ſits upon the Throne;
Their Counſel, *Nepthali* and *Zabulon*.

28 What e're our Numbers be, our ſtrength alone
Is God; O finiſh what thou haſt begun!
29 For thine own Temple's ſake, that Kings may bring
Their Gold; and more, themſelves, an Offering.
30 Confound thoſe Men, who do themſelves deface!
The Bulls and Calves; the Brutes of humane Race.

Bring back the Man! Bring him agen from far;
But ſcatter thoſe who do delight in War.
31 Then ſhall their Princes come from *Ægypt*'s Land;
And unto God, the *Æthiop* ſtretch his Hand.
32 O all ye Kingdoms of the Earth! ſing Praiſe
To him, who was, e're the Beginning was:

33 Who rode above the Heav'n of Heav'ns of old;
Whoſe mighty Voice is in loud Thunder told.
34 Sing the Great Pow'r of God! known in his Love
To *Iſrael*, and in the Clouds above.
35 O Lord our God! Great in thy holy Place!
Thou, with thy Pow'r, us bleſs; we, Thee, with Praiſe!

Psalm LXIX.

[*Salvum me fac Deus !*]

1 SAve, Lord ! I'm periſhing ; the Waves o'reflow
My Soul, are working ſtill, and mightier grow.
2 I ſtick in the deep Mire's deceitful Bed,
Still ſinking, while the Stream runs o're my Head :
3 I'm ſpent and tyr'd, with my continual cry,
My Voice is gone, and my hoarſe Throat is dry.

Waiting for God, my longing Eyes grow dim ;
Yet *ſtill* they wait ; languiſh and dye tow'rd him.
4 They who me falſly proſecute, exceed
The Number of the Hairs upon my Head :
Great, and unjuſt, my Right they overthrow ;
Compell'd to pay them what I did not owe.

5 O God thou ſeeſt my plain ſimplicity ;
And my wrong'd Innocence is known to thee :
6 O let not thoſe, dear Lord ! who wait on thee,
Grow faint, and be diſcouraged for *me* :
Hide my Example ! that, who ſeek thy Name
Be not reproach'd and cover'd with my ſhame.

7 Becauſe for thee, I'm faln into diſgrace ;
And thy diſhonour's drawn upon my Face.
8 Caſt out, I am my Brethren's ſtranger, grown
An Alien unto my Mothers Son.
9 Zeal of thy Houſe conſumes me, they who thee
Diſhonour *moſt*, fall heavieſt on *me*.

10 If

10 If I afflict my Soul, and fast and mourn,
I, and those Services, am made their scorn.
11 If clad i'th' Habit of my mind, they jest,
Deride my sackcloath, and the lowly Vest;
12 I am the Drunkards Song, those mean Souls hate
Who live in vain, and theirs who sit i'th' Gate.

13 Hated and scorn'd by all, to thee I flee
In thine own time, th' extreams of Misery.
O God of Love! O God of Verity!
That Love, and that thy Truth deliver me.
14 Draw me out of the Mire; raise my faln State;
Sunk i'th' deep Floods, and my Foes deeper Hate.

15 Let not the Deep devour me! the deaf Wave
Swallow me up, nor close me in the Grave.
16 Lord, hear! Lord, save! O my sole help, draw nigh!
17 I'm perishing; Lord hear me speedily!
18 Thy self my Witness art; know'st my just Cries,
19 Know'st my reproach; and know'st my Enemies.

20 Reproach has broke my Heart, o'refill'd with Grief;
None pity'd me; I look'd, but no relief!
21 Dying for thirst, for *One*, last drop I call'd,
They gave me Vineger mingled with Gall:
22 Let th' *Altar* prove a *Snare*! All *Good*
Turn Ill! and as their Malice, be their Food.

23 Shut from their Eyes the Day; and with their night,
Horrour dwell on them and a lasting Fright:
24 Let Vengeance overtake them; let them stand
The fury of a Just, Almighty Hand.
From out their hated Dwellings, pluck their Race,
25 And none Succeed to the condemned Place:

Becauſe whom thou caſts down, they more purſue,
Upbraid Afflictions; and thy ſtroke renew.
27 Let them add ſin to ſin; fill up the ſum
Of their Injuſtice, and compleat their Doom.
28 Blot them out of that Book, where thou enrol'ſt
The Living Names of Juſt and Vertuous Souls.

29 But me, poor, and oppreſs'd with Miſery,
Raiſe, O my God! and ſet me ſafe on High:
30 I then will Praiſe and loud Thankſgivings bring,
Thy moſt accepted, grateful Offering.
31 For thou with Smoke and Blood, leſs pleaſed art,
Than Praiſe, the Incenſe of a flaming Heart.

32 Thus let your Hearts, ye Poor! ſeek God and live;
Live, as Immortal as the Praiſe ye give.
33 God hears the Poor; and him, who here beneath
Has nothing but Captivity and Breath,
When into Praiſe, he does that Breath convert,
And gives it from th' *free* Altar of his Heart.

34 Ye Heav'ns and Heav'nly Pow'rs! your Maker bleſs!
Earth! Sea! and all therein, his Name confeſs!
35 For God will *Sion* ſave; and *Judah* Build,
And to his People its Poſſeſſion yield;
To us and to our Seed, and to all them
Who love his Name, and praiſe and honour him.

Pſalm

Psalm LXX.

[*Deus in adjutorium.*]

1 HAſte, Lord! make haſte my burthen'd Soul to free;
Preſs'd down by Malice and Calamity.
2 Defeat their Counſels and their Pow'rs confound,
3 Who chaſe my Soul and its bleſs'd quiet wound:
Turn the Reviler back oppreſs'd with ſhame,
Whoſe falſhood does my Innocence defame.

4 But the Juſt Soul that hopes in thee alone,
That truſts his God, and his Salvation,
Fill with thy Joy; and dry up ev'ry Tear;
Let it begin its Hallelujahs here:
5 But I am Poor, Poor and in Miſery,
O my Redeemer! O my God! draw nigh!

Thou art my Saviour; Thou my only ſtay,
Lord help! and do not, Lord! that help delay.

[Gloria *of four Verſes.*]

Psalm LXXI.

[*In te Domine ſperavi.*]

1 O Thou in whom alone my Soul does truſt,
2 Let me not periſh ever! thou art Juſt:
3 O be thy promis'd Arm ſtretch'd out to ſave
When loſt and helpleſs, I thy help do crave.

4 O ſave me from th' inhumane Cruelties
Of Men unman'd; th' unjuſt and mercileſs!
5 For thou haſt been my early hope; and thou
My only Refuge, from my Youth, till now.

6 Thou took'ſt me from the Womb, to life didſt raiſe,
And to this Hour ſuſtain'ſt; O ſtill my Praiſe!
7 My Suff'rings are become a Prodigy,
Strange and unheard, yet ſtill I truſt in thee.

8 Save me, O Lord! and fill my Mouth with Praiſe;
Thine Honour be the Songs of all my Days.
When ſtrength forſakes me, do not thou forſake!
9 But mine Old Age to thy Protection take:

10 For, from the Proſpect of my feeble State,
My Foes hope more Succeſs unto their hate.
11 Take him, ſay they, he cannot ſcape unharm'd,
Enfeebled quite, and of his God diſarm'd.

12 But, O my help! draw nigh and ſuccour me!
13 And let my Foes ſham'd and diſhonour'd dye!
14 When thus my *hopes* ſhall crown'd be with *ſucceſs*,
I ſhall untyr'd, *ſtill hope*, untyr'd, *ſtill bleſs*.

15 I ſhall each Day thy great Salvation bleſs;
And bleſs thoſe Mercies I can ne're expreſs.
16 Hope in thy ſtrength, and in my Songs make known
Thy Righteouſneſs, thy Righteouſneſs alone.

17 Thus from my Youth, I'm taught to ſing thy Glory;
And of thy Goodneſs my whole Life's the ſtory.
18 My God! ſtrength of my Youth; hope of mine Age,
Leave not my Gray Hairs now, in Life's laſt Stage;

Till

Till to the preſent times I have made known
Thy Power, and to all Succeſſion.
19 How high is thy tranſcendent Juſtice! High
Above all Praiſe; who, Lord! is like to thee?

And how immenſe, thy Acts of Goodneſs are,
O God of Love, who may with thee compare?
20 How haſt thou me into the deep caſt down,
Rais'd up again, ſunk lower than the Ground!

And how divided haſt, 'twixt hopes and praiſe,
The Showers, and the Sun-ſhines of my Days!
21 Haſt rais'd to honour my dejected Head!
And haſt on every ſide me comforted!

22 Wherefore, for ever, Lord of Verity!
I'll ſing the Honours of thy Truth and thee;
And on the Harp, loudly thy Praiſes tell,
O thou the Holy One of *Iſrael.*

23 My Lips ſhall ſing thy Praiſe; my Soul ſhall ſing,
24 And all my Pow'rs preſent the Offering.
For thou, my Soul didſt with Redemption crown;
And trod'ſt my Foes into Confuſion.

Pſalm LXXII.

[*Deus Judicium tuum.*]

1 FOuntain of Juſtice! Right's Eternal Spring!
2 Impreſs thoſe Powers Divine upon the King:
And on his Son! Then ſhall He Right diſpenſe
To all, and ſhield the Poor from Violence.

3 Mountains

3 Mountains and Hills ſhall yield the Fruits of Peace;
And Peace ſhall be the Fruit of Righteouſneſs.

4 He ſhall the ſimple ſave, whom Fraud devours;
And the weak friendleſs poor, whom Might o'repow'rs;
But the Oppreſſour ſhall in pieces break,
And on his guilty head juſt Vengeance wreak.
5 With Sun and Moon, he runs a Race of Pow'r;
Still glorious, ſtill encreaſing as their Hours.

6 He ſhall deſcend, as into Graſs new mown,
Of its own Shade bereft, the Show'rs drop down:
7 In his bleſs'd Reign the Juſt ſhall be the Great;
And Peace ſhall wait on his eſtabliſh'd Seat;
Still wait, 'till with the courſe of Sun and Moon
Time ſhall ſet too; when their ſpent Lights are done.

8 No Bounds ſhall meaſure his Dominion
Vaſt ſpreading, as the Seas vaſt Arms are thrown,
Beneath thoſe ſhady Coaſts, where to our Eye
The ſwelling Floud meets the deſcending Skye.
9 The Salvage Nations ſhall, reclaim'd, him bleſs;
He them ſhall cultivate, and their Wilderneſs.

His Enemies, ſuch are the wild Unjuſt,
Thrown at his Feet, ſhall pining, lick the Duſt.
10 The Iſles ſhall ſerve thee, and the utmoſt Sea,
And *Saba* Gums and Spices bear for Thee:
11 All Nations ſhall preſent their Offerings,
And all their joyful Tributary Kings.

12 For when his Aid the poor and helpleſs crave,
He reſcues them, as only Great, to ſave.

13 His

13 His Goodneſs does the poor and needy ſpare;
And takes them, from themſelves, to his own care:
14 Exerts his Pow'r then 'gainſt deceit and might;
For dear their precious Blood is in his ſight.

15 Live, O great King, for ever! And to Thee
Preſent its Gold, now, Happy *Araby*.
Succeſſive Vows of Prayers, mix'd with Praiſe,
As Wreaths of Glories, circle all thy Days.
16 Dry Hills ſhall yield, from few ſeeds, vaſt encreaſe;
And Cities, flouriſh as the Field, with Peace.

17 Thy Name be Great to all Poſterities;
Bleſs'd by all th'Earth, and who all th'Earth doſt bleſs.
18 Be all the World fill'd with the Majeſty
Of *Iſrael*'s God, from whom all Wonders be:
And be thy Name, by all the Sons of Men,
For ever and for ever bleſs'd! *Amen*.

Hallelujah.

THE

The THIRD BOOK of the

PSALMS,

PARAPHRAS'D.

Psalm LXXIII.

[*Quam bonus Iſrael.*]

1 IT cannot be, but the *true Iſraelite*,
The pure in *Heart*, muſt be his God's Delight.
2 Yet my foot ſlip'd, and I was almoſt loſt,
3 When I beheld the *Fool* and the *Unjuſt*.
4 How *free's* their State! How *full* of Happineſs:
Flowing ſtill on in *Vanity*, and *Peace*?

Their ſtrength continues to Life's utmoſt Stage;
And *Years* alone, not *weakneſs*, brings on Age.
5 From th' Common Lot of Man, condemn'd to Cares,
Theſe are *exempt*; as Heav'ns *Peculiars*.
6 Hence, Pride inveſts 'em, and bold Inſolence;
Spoiling the Weak, th' are cloath'd with Violence.

7 With

7 With Riot fill'd, they, they ſwoln Eyes inflame;
Yet their *exceſs*, can't their abundance *tame*.
8 Oppreſs the *Vertuous*, and th' *abandon'd Poor*;
Speak high; and *juſtifie* their Wrongs by *Pow'r*.
9 And having gone through *Earth*, 'gainſt *Heav'n* they fly;
And raiſe their Blaſphemy 'gainſt the *moſt High*.

10 Wherefore, the *People*, judging *ſuch Men bleſs'd*;
And Vertue *unregarded*, 'cauſe *diſtreſs'd*;
Fall in unto them; who, their wants relieve;
And from their flowing Cups, give them to live.
11 For *thus* they ſay; God knows not our Affairs;
Nor, from above, reſpects mean humane Cares.

12 For lo! th' *Unjuſt* is *great*; th' *Oppreſſour thrives*;
The World is made; and Mankind, *for them lives*.
13 How have I cleans'd my Heart *in vain!* in vain,
In ſpotleſs Innocence, waſh'd out my ſtain!
14 Have *unregarded* Suff'rings, *long* ſuſtain'd!
And *each Morn* languiſh'd, in *unheeded* Pain!

15 Are then the Impious bleſs'd? is Wo, *our Lot*?
Our *Patience*, and Fidelity forgot?
Shall that high Race of Souls, which *mind* their *Birth*,
Be for their *Vertue*, *ſtill*, condemn'd on Earth?
16 *This* cannot be; nor can *that other* be:
Reaſon's *ſhort ſight* cann't pierce the Myſtery.

17 Into thy *Sanctuary* then I went,
And my dark Vail of Ignorance was rent.
There, I beheld their *future*, *dreadful End*;
The *Pit*, to which, their *fatal Glories* tend.
18 How on a ſlippery Precipice, they ſtand;
Rais'd thither, and thence thrown down, by thy Hand.

19 How

19 How dreadful is their fall! how ſure! how ſoon!
Strook, by the Lightning of thy Vengeance, down.
20 And then, as waking, a Dream's Shadow flyes,
Fancy's vain Creature, and th' dread Viſion dies:
So vaniſh, when Thou hurlſt them from their Seat,
The *dreadful*, but *imaginary* Great.

21 Falſe Cares thus vex'd my Soul; and with true pains
Wrought on my Body; and went through my Reins.
22 So fooliſh was I, ignorant, and dull,
As if turn'd *Brute*; and acted by *His* Soul.
23 But *Thou* art *always* with me! By thy Hand
Of Providence, I Lord! am *ſtill* ſuſtain'd.

24 Thy Counſel, and thy Wiſdom from above,
Guide me to *Glory*; and immortal *Love*.
25 Whom have I in the *Heavens*, dear Lord! but *Thee?*
Or *what* Good, on *this Earth*, can *ſatisfie?*
26 All fleſhly, mortal Objects, dye away;
And Hearts, that court thoſe Objects, dye as they:

But the pure heart, fixing its Love on *Thee*,
Thou *ſtrengthneſt*; and it loves Eternally.
And Thou, whoſe love kindles th' Immortal Fire,
Wilt ſatisfie the *infinite* deſire.
27 And now, behold! ſuch as do ſtray from Thee,
And ſeek *falſe Loves*, ſhall periſh utterly.

28 But *I*, who *Thee* purſue, O my *ſole* Good!
My *onely* Hope! my *whole* Beatitude!
Shall *ever live*; ſhall ever live *with Thee*;
And praiſe Thee, and thy Works, Eternally.

Gloria *of two Verſes.*

Psalm LXXIV.

[*Ut quid Deus?*]

1 HAſt thou, for *ever*, us rejected, Lord?
O why, are thy deſerted Sheep abhor'd?
2 Think on thy Flock! the *Price* thou didſt advance!
Thy Purchaſed; thy *dear* Inheritance;
Remember *Sion*, where *thy ſelf* haſt ſate!
Behold the Mount! —— See, Lord! 'tis *deſolate*.

3 Liſt up thy Feet, and tread the Spoiler down!
Revenge our *endleſs* Deſolation!
4 The Foes *Blaſpheme* thee in thy *Houſe of Praiſe*;
And, as defying thee, their Enſigns raiſe.
5 The *ſofter* Forms, carv'd by the ſweetening ſtroke
6 O'th' Artiſt's *tender* Hand, lye rude, and broke;

And the rough Axe, and Hammer, have beat down
What *Art* could yield, or th' Pride of *Lebanon*.
For, what to th' Builder, *erſt*, did give *renown*,
They count it *now*, *more* glory to *pull down*.
7 Thy Sanctu'ry, the Dwelling of thy Name,
Burnt, and Unhallow'd is by *other Flame*:

And th' Ax, *forbid* to raiſe the *peaceful* Pile,
Does to the Ground, both *ruin't*, and *defile*.
8 Their Malice rages, as their Flames do burn;
And all our Synagogues to Aſhes turn.
9 And, as our God had *quite* forſook us, we
Nor Sign, nor Prophet ſee, nor Prophecy.

There's

There's *none* can tell, *how long* their Cruelty
'Gainſt *us* ſhall laſt, and Blaſphemy 'gainſt *thee*.
10 O Lord! *How long?* How long this Miſery?
Shall it for *ever*, thus? for *ever*, be?
11 Where's thy *Almighty* Hand? thy *jealous* Arm?
O pluck it forth! Guard *us*, and *them* diſarm.

12 For thou canſt help; thou, Lord! canſt help *alone*;
13 Earth's Refuge; and the World's Salvation:
O God! my King of Old! who didſt divide
The Sea; and in it, brak'ſt the Dragon's Head;
14 *Pharaoh*'s Proud Hoſt, the bold *Leviathan*;
Levell'dſt his Pride; and ſhrunk'ſt him to a Man:

Didſt, with a Wonder arm'd, his Pow'r defeat,
And threw'ſt him to the Vultur for his Meat.
15 Rocks, cleft by *thee*, were thaw'd into a *Flood*;
And Floods, at *thy* Command, as firm Rocks ſtood.
16 *Thine*, is the *Day*; *Thine*, the Repoſe of *Night*;
And the advancing *Sun*, ſhines with *thy* Light.

17 *Thou*, haſt the Borders of the *Earth*, deſin'd;
Which ſtated Limits it ſhall ne're tranſcend.
Giv'ſt Laws to *Time*, boundeſt its floating Tide
'Twixt *Winter's* Ebb; and *Summer's* flowing Pride.
18 Remember, Lord! and let the *Fool* no more,
Nor the *Proud Foe*, Blaſpheme thy *obvious* Pow'r.

19 Give not the faithful Turtle's Soul, away,
Which to thy Boſom flies, the Vultur's Prey!
Forget not *ever* the unremembred Poor;
Nor leave him in their Jaws, who thus devour!
20 Think on the Oath! All *Dens*, and *Caves*, be
Fill'd with the *Darkneſs* of their *Cruelty*.

21 Let not the Simple, *ſtill* be ſham'd! but raiſe
The Poor, and turn his anguiſh'd ſighs to praiſe.
22 Riſe, Lord! and thou *thy ſelf* thine *own* Cauſe plead!
The Fool, his *dayly* Blaſphemies does ſpread,
23 *Forget him not!* Nor, Lord! forget the *Poor*:
For his ſucceſsful Rage grows more and more.

Pſalm LXXV.

[*Confitebimur tibi Deus!*]

1 THy Pow'rful Name, ſtill nigh to the diſtreſs'd,
O God of *Wonders*, and of *Love!* we bleſs.
2 When the Great Day of Recompence ſhall come,
That Mortals muſt receive their *final* Doom,
I, then, will judge according to the Laws
Of Right; and vindicate th' Oppreſſed's Cauſe.

3 Vain Man is weak; and the weak Earth is vain;
But I, Earth's Pillars bear; and Man ſuſtain.
4 I bad the Fool, be *leſs* ſo; bad the *Great*,
Th' *Oppreſſing Great*, to Power *Limits* ſet;
5 Lift not your Horn on *high!* and do not ſpeak,
Hurry'd by *wilful Pow'r*, with a ſtiff Neck.

6 I gave you the command ye have; nor *Eaſt*,
Nor *Weſt*, nor *South*, makes *potent*, or *diſtreſs'd*;
7 But *I* am Judge; *I am*, who put down *One*,
And ſet *Another* on his *empty* Throne.
8 For in my Hand's a *Cup*, and the Wine's *red*;
Full mix'd; and through the World diſtributed:

But

But all the Dregs thereof, and fatal Lee,
Shall the Ungodly's *deadly* Potion be.
9 "O Righteous God! thy Name we'll magnifie
"For *ever*; we'll *for ever* ſing to thee.
10 I'll break their Pow'r who in themſelves do truſt;
And crown with Joys, the patience of the Juſt.

Pſalm LXXVI.

Notus in Judæa Dominus.]

1 IN *Judah*, and in *Iſrael*, God is known;
His *Name's* there great, and his *Salvation*.
2 In Peaceful *Salem* He hath pitch'd his Tent;
And in Mount *Sion God* is reſident.
3 There he the Battel brake; the *Shield*, and *Spear*;
The *ſafeties*, and the *furies* of the War.

4 *True Honour*, thy Victorious Arms does crown;
Which flies th' ambitious Robber's *falſe Renown*.
5 The Spoiler's ſpoil'd; and the triumphant Proud,
Reft of his Glories, ſleeps within a Cloud.
No fruits, from his curſt Ravages abound;
His empty, guilty Hands, have *nothing found*.

6 At thy rebuke, the Chariot, and the Horſe,
O God of *Jacob*! fall and loſe their Force.
7 *Who*, Lord! is to be fear'd, but thou, *alone?*
And *who* can ſtand the *Power* of *thy Frown?*
8 When thou, the Heav'ns, didſt with thy Terrours fill
Of Judgment, the Earth *trembled*, and was *ſtill*.

9 And when thou didſt appear for the diſtreſs'd,
To ſave the Meek, and helpleſs Man, oppreſs'd;
10 The *fierceneſs* which thou *tam'dſt*, turn'd to thy *Praiſe*;
And th' Ravages *reſtrain'd*, thine *Honour* raiſe.
11 To your Redeemer, ye redeem'd Ones! Vow;
Vow, and perform; and with your Preſents bow.

12 Princes unbounded Spirits he'll refrain;
And o're the Kings of Earth with Terrour Reign.

Gloria *of four Verſes.*

Pſalm LXXVII.

[*Voce mea ad Dominum.*]

1 UNto my God, *aloud* I cry'd; and He
Heard me i'th' day of my Calamity.
Preſſed with pains, when I found *no* relief;
And Night's *ſlow* Hours, *told*, *heavily*, my grief.

3 *Then* I remembred God; and 'midſt my Pains,
My anguiſh'd Spirit thus to him complains.
4 Thou hold'ſt mine Eyes, heavy to ſleep, awake;
While ever-whelm'd with Grief, I nothing ſpake:

5 But in my anxious thought, I *drew* the *Scene*
O'th' *Days* of *Old*, and th' Mercies, *erſt* had been:
6 *Then*, in the midſt of *Night*, my joyful Tongue
Gave thanks to thee; and thy great Praiſes ſung.

And *then*, my Soul into it ſelf withdrawn,
Viewing its *preſent* ſtate, did *thus* complain.

7 Will

7 Will God for *ever* caſt me off? and be
No more, *no more* inclin'd to pity me?

8 Is Mercy, *clean*, for *ever* gone? and ſhall
the *Promiſe* of the *God of Truth*, *now fail?*
9 Has God, his tender pity *quite* forgot?
His Love's Eternal Spring, and Fountain *ſhut?*

10 Vain thought! look *back* my Soul! and ſee
The Years of the *Right Hand* of the *moſt High*:
11 Preſent Times paſt *again*, and *there* behold
His works of *Love*, and *wonders*, done of *Old*.

12 Fix theſe great Thoughts *within* thee; and proclaim
His Works to *All*; and th' Honour of his Name.
13 Thy ways, O God! though *hid* to our faint ſight,
Alike in *Goodneſs*, and in *Pow'r* are Great.

14 By *thee*, O God! *alone*, are Wonders done;
Who haſt thy ſtrength, 'midſt *all* the People ſhown.
15 Thy *Iſraelites*, *Jacob*'s, and *Joſeph*'s Seed,
In Bondage held, thy Pow'rful Arm has freed.

16 The Waters *ſaw* thee, and the frighted Flood
Shrunk back; while th' *naked* Depths *amazed* ſtood.
17 Thine Arrows flew abroad; dreadful, and loud;
And *new* Floods pour'd down from the breaking Cloud.

18 From out the breaking Cloud, ſhot flames of light;
And Thunder roar'd; Earth trembled with the fright.
19 In the Deep Waters lies thine *unknown* way;
Whoſe *viewleſs* Path the *cloſ'd* Waves ne're betray.

20 Thy People's Shepherds, *Moſes*, and *Aron*, led
Safely thy Flock; by thee from Bondage freed.

Gloria *of two Verſes.*

Pſalm LXXVIII.

[*Attendite Populo.*]

1 HEar, O my People! Hear, O *Iſrael*!
2 Encline your Ears unto my Parable!
3 I will unfold dark Sentences of *Old*;
Which both our *ſelves* have *known*, and *Fathers told.*

4 That *we*, the ſame, ſhould to *our Children* tell,
And to *Succeſſion* Gods great Acts reveal.
5 For to our Fathers he gave Laws; to be
6 Obſerv'd by *them*, and their *Poſterity*.

7 That, taught his Mercies, and his Judgments, they
Might always hope in *him*; and *him* obey:
8 And not be like their *Fathers*; who, forſook
His Laws, and their *own* froward Counſels took.

9 Like *Ephraim*'s Children, ſoon diſcomfited,
Who 'gainſt the Battel arm'd themſelves, and fled.
10 They *ſoon* forgot the Laws he gave; and *ſoon*
11 Forgot the Wonders his great Pow'r had done.

12 The *mighty Wonders* which their Fathers ſaw;
Wonders, which did the Proud *Ægyptian* awe.
13 'Twixt the divided Sea he made a way;
Whilſt firm, as their own Banks, the ſteep Waves lay.

14 By

14 By *Day* a *Cloud* conducted them; by *Night*
From out a *flaming Pillar* iſſued *Light*.
15 Full ſtreams guſh'd forth, from out the Rocks he clave,
16 Which, to their thirſt, ſupplies like Rivers gave.

17 Yet *ſtill* they ſinn'd; and by a *new* deſire
18 Tempt him again; their Luſt does *Meat* require.
19 He cleft the *Rocks* (ſaid they) and *Streams did flow*;
20 But can he *here* prepare a *Table* too?

Can He, within this *barren* Wilderneſs,
With *Bread*, and *Fleſh*, his *wand'ring* People bleſs?
21 God heard this, and was Wroth; and his juſt Frown,
Wrapt in *conſuming Flames*, ſent *Vengeance* down.

22 Becauſe they, *faithleſs*, his great Conduct *fear'd*;
23 Though *new Salvations* every Day appear'd:
24 For he had *Manna* rain'd; and from the Cloud
25 *Another* Plenty drop'd, ev'n *Angels Food*.

And unto *Man*, Rebellious *Man*, had giv'n
26 To eat, who eat and *loath'd*, the Food of Heav'n.
27 And now, he gives Command to th' Winds, and they
28 Do the deſired *Fleſh*, to th' Hoſt conveigh.

Clouds, fraught with *Quails*, a choice Proviſion bring;
29 Which flew to th' Camp, not born on their own Wing.
30 So they did *eat*, and were well *fill'd*; for he
31 Gave what their murm'ring Luſt did *ſatisfie*.

But 'midſt their *wanton Food* Vengeance drew nigh;
And overtook the curſt *Saucy*.
He ſlew the *choiceſt* of them; and his juſt
Incenſed Wrath revenged the *groſſ'neſs Luſt*.

32 Yet

32 Yet *ſtill* the *Remnant* ſinn'd; and though, *before*
Their Eyes, Judgment *march'd* on, ſinn'd the *ſame* ſins o're.
33 Wherefore their Years did he condemn to pain;
And they, Life's Treaſure waſting, liv'd in *vain*.

34 When *Death* devour'd them, they ſeem'd, *then*, t'enquire
35 For God; who *ſtill* was *God*, during their *fear*.
36 But th' Hypocrites *bely'd* their *Hearts*; for they
37 Were not *upright*, and *ſtedfaſt* in his way.

38 Yet he, *ſtill* Merciful, *ſtill* inclin'd to ſave,
Full of Compaſſion, *ſtill*, their ſins forgave:
Check'd his fierce Anger; made his Vengeance *ſtay*;
And *through* his Wrath, for Mercy, forc'd a way.

39 For he well knew frail *Fleſh* was as a blaſt;
A Wind that ne're returns, when once 'tis paſt.
40 How oft i'th' Wilderneſs did they rebel?
41 Requiring *ſuch* and *ſuch* a *Miracle*?

42 They *ſoon* forgat his Works; that glorious Hand
Whoſe Wonders did Deliverance *command*.
43 The pow'rful Signs 'mongſt the *Ægyptians* ſhown;
And th' dreadful Miracles to *Zoan* known.

44 How he had turn'd their Waters into *Blood*;
So that they could not drink th' *infected* Flood.
45 Had ſent againſt them, the moſt *Powerleſs*
Of all his Creatures, Armies of *Frogs* and *Lice*.

46 Their Labours, to *themſelves*, *no Fruit* did yield;
Commanded Locuſts ravaged the Field.
47 Beat down by *Hail-ſtones*, their rich *Grapes* were loſt;
And all their *other Fruits* deſtroy'd by th' *Froſt*.

48 Storms

48 Storms of great Hail-ſtones on their *Cattel* flew;
And fiery *Thunder-bolts* the *Remnant* ſlew.
49 His *fierceſt* Anger was againſt them ſent;
Their *anguiſh'd Souls* were *their own* Puniſhment.

Horrour, and Conſcious *Guilt*, and black *Deſpair*,
50 To *thoſe*, *he* ſent, their *own Ill Angels* were.
51 Then *Death* was *loos'd*; 'gainſt the *Firſt-Born*, impowr'd;
All whom, the ſwift Plague, in *one Night* devour'd.

52 But for his *own*, He *other meaſures* took;
And led them in the Deſart, like a *Flock*.
53 Led them *through Seas*, when the ſtupendious Wave
To their Foes *Death*; to them, *ſafe paſſage* gave.

54 Brought them to th' Border of his Sanctu'ry;
The *Purchaſe* of the *Arm* of the *Moſt High*.
55 Caſt out the *Heathen*; and aſſign'd by Lot
To *Iſrael*'s Tribes, the *Conqueſts* he had got.

56 Yet *ſtill* they tempted him; *ſtill* went aſtray;
Taking their *own*, they ſoon forgat *his* way.
57 Falſe, like their Fathers, they forſake their Guide;
Like a deceitful Bow, ſtarting aſide.

58 For, the Deſertors, *carved* God's ador'd,
Dull *Gods* of *Wood*; forſook the *Living Lord*.
59 Who therefore *loathing* them, from *Shiloh* went;
60 The place where God, with Men, had pitch'd his Tent.

61 His captiv'd *Ark*, gave to the *Enemy*;
62 And *them* to *Death*, and to *Captivity*.
63 Their Young Men *Fire* conſum'd; their Prieſts the
64 No Marriages were made; nor Widows deplor'd. (*Strong*;

65 *Then*

65 *Then* God, as Men *refreſh'd* by *ſleep*, aroſe;
Or ſtrong ones *fill'd* with *Wine*; and on his Foes
66 *Reveng'd* his *captiv'd Glory*; whom he ſmote
With Plagues, which *ſhame*, and which *diſhonour* brought.

67 The Ark return'd, He *Joſeph*'s Tribe *refus'd*
To be its Seat; nor *Ephraim* did chuſe;
68 But *choſe* the Tribe of *Judah*; and the Hill
Sion, where he, *alone*, delights to dwell.

69 And there he, built his Sanctu'ry on *High*;
Fix'd, like the Earth's firm Roots, *perpetually*.
70 Then, from the *Fold*, his Servant *David* took;
71 To be the Shepherd of his *own* Great *Flock*.

72 Who, faithfully, the happy People fed;
And, with a prudent Conduct, ſafely led.

Gloria *of two Verſes.*

Pſalm LXXIX.

[*Deus, venerunt Gentes.*]

1 O God! into thine *own* Inheritance
The Heathen are *broke* in; who do advance
Their Enſigns on thy *ſacred Mount*; defile
Thy *Temple*, and the place where thou doſt dwell.
2 *Jeruſalem*'s a *Heap*. The Slaughter'd they
Caſt out to be th' wild Beaſts and Vultur's Prey.

3 Their Blood, like *Water*, round about is ſhed;
And *none* are *left* to ſee them Buried.

4 Our

4 Our Neighbours, now, expreſs their *utmoſt* Hate,
All ſcorn, reproach, and wound the *Unfortunate*.
5 *How long?* O Lord! Lord! wilt thou *ever*, thus
Forſake? thus, *ever*, wilt thou puniſh us?

6 O turn! and pour thine Indignation
Upon the Heathen, where thy *Name's unknown*.
7 Who *thee* Blaſpheme; devour *thy Iſrael*;
And *who* lay waſte the *place* where *thou* doſt dwell.
8 O Lord! Remember not our *former ſin*!
9 Forget, how *moſt Rebellious* we have been!

Call *back* thy Mercies! call them *ſpeedily*;
For we are faln to th' *loweſt* Miſery:
God of Salvation, help! Help, for *thy Name*!
Thy Glory is reproached in our ſhame.
10 *Why* ſhould the Heathen ſay, *Where* is their God?
Revenge *thy* Glory, and thy *Servants* Blood!

11 O hear the *Captives ſighs*! their *trembling* Breath!
And ſave thoſe *helpleſs Souls*, are *chain'd* for *Death*.
12 To thoſe, who durſt reproach thine honour'd Name,
Give back a manifold return of ſhame.
13 So *we*, thy Flock, ſhall to *thee* Praiſes ſend;
All, ſhall *continue* them; but *none*, ſhall *End*.

Pſalm

Psalm LXXX.

[*Qui regis Iſrael, intende!*]

1 GReat Shepherd of thy People *Iſrael*,
Who 'midſt the winged Cherubim doſt dwell,
Regard! and from the Glories of thy Throne,
Upon thy Flock, thy Beams of Light ſhow'r down.

2 Lead *thou* our Armies! Before *Benjamin*
Advance! *Manaſſeh*'s Tribe, and *Ephraim*.
3 Turn us, O God! diſpel our heavy Night!
Salvation waits on thy *Victorious* Light.

4 How *long*, O Lord! wilt thou diſpleas'd appear
With *thoſe*, who lowly offer up th' Addreſs of *Pray'r*?
5 Tears are our *Drink*; and we with Tears are *fed*;
Which thou haſt plenteouſly meaſured.

6 To thoſe about us w'are become a *Snare*;
While they *conteſt*, *how* they may *Iſrael ſhare*.
7 Turn us, O Lord! diſpel our heavy Night!
Salvation waits on thy *Victorious* Light.

8 Thou, out of *Egypt*, didſt tranſplant a *Vine*
Didſt root the Heathen *out*, and ſet *that*, *in*;
9 It, over all the Land, did proſp'rous grow;
Drop'd on the *under ſhrubs*, and kept them *low*.

10 Roſe 'bove the Hills, and bleſs'd them with its *ſhade*,
Which *waſt* was, as is *that* by Cedars made;
11 Threw its fair Arms, down to the River's ſide;
Whence to the Sea, th' extended Branches ſpread.

12 *Why*

12 *Why* haſt thou *all its Fences* rooted out?
So that who-e're paſs by, pluck off her *Fruit?*
13 *Why* is it giv'n a ſpoil, to the *wild Boar*,
And *other* Beaſts o'th' Forreſt, to devour?

14 *Return*, O God of Hoſts! Viſit the *Vine*!
And the expoſed *Vineyard*, which is *thine*:
15 And that *ſelected Branch*, choſe out among
The reſt, which, for thy ſelf, thou mad'ſt ſo ſtrong.

16 It undergoes a numerous Fate; *cut down*;
And *burnt* with Fire; and *blaſted* with thy Frown.
17 Support the *Man* of thy *Right Hand*! Ariſe,
Great God! Raiſe *him*, confound his Enemies.

18 So, O our ſtrength! we'll not go back from thee;
Help us, that we thy Name may glorifie.
19 Turn us, O Lord! diſpel our heavy Night!
Salvation waits on thy *Victorious* Light.

Pſalm LXXXI.

[*Exultate Deo adjutori!*]

1 TO God, our ſtrength, let us our Voices raiſe
2 In Pſalms, on all the Inſtruments of Praiſe!
3 In the *appointed Feaſt*, when the *New Moon*
Varies her Light, be the loud *Trumpets blown.*

4 For *Iſrael*, of *Old*, commanded was
To keep this *Statute*, and this *Law* of *Praiſe.*
5 When the tyr'd Captive was from *Ægypt* led, (freed.
From their ſtrange *Tongue*, and from their *thraldom*

6 'Twas

6 'Twas I (ſays God) brake the *Ægyptian Chain*;
Loos'd him; and gave him to *Himſelf* again.
Threw down his Burthen, on his Shoulders lay;
And his ſpent Arms releas'd, from moulding Clay.

7 Heard thy afflicted Cry, and anſwer'd thee
By Thunder, that my Pow'rful Aid was nigh.
Try'd thee at *Maſſah*, when thou murmur'dſt there;
Sated thy Thirſt, and did ev'n *Murmurs* hear.

8 Then gave thee Laws; hear, *Iſrael!* Bow thy Knee
9 Unto no *Other* God; no God but *Me*.
10 'Twas *I*, from *Pharaoh*'s Power reſcu'd thee;
And who, *alone*, can all thy Wants ſupply.

11 But *Iſrael* would none of *Me*; forſook
12 His *God*; and his *Own* wandring Counſels, took.
13 O had my People *Me obey'd*, how ſoon
14 Had I, beneath them, trod their Enemies, down!

15 *My Foes* had *ſoon* ſubmitted; but *their* Day
No Night had clos'd; nor ſhall, who me obey.
16 With fineſt Flow'r of Wheat, I had them fill'd;
And flowing Honey, from the Rock diſtill'd.

Pſalm LXXXII.

[*Deus ſtetit in Synagoga.*]

1 GOD in th' Aſſembly of the Princes, ſtands;
Judge of thoſe Earthly Gods, and their *Commands*.
2 How dare ye in *his ſight*, *wrong* Judgment give?
The *great Unjuſt*, or *guilty Friend* receive?

3 You

3 You are intruſted with the *Fatherleſs*,
4 Who *want* a *Bribe*; and whom *no favours bleſs*.
Yours are the *Poor*, who flying to the Laws,
Bring *nothing*, but a *barren Righteous* Cauſe.

Th' *Oppreſſed*, and the *Out-caſts* are *your* care;
Who, what th' Oppreſſor *left*, beg *you* would *ſpare*.
5 But you'll *not* hear; you *will not* underſtand;
Your Souls are *Slaves*, and at your *Luſts Command*.

You walk in Darkneſs, in *deſpite* of Light;
Move the *Foundations*, and the *Bounds* of *Right*.
6 I've ſaid you're *Gods*, the *Sons* of the *Moſt High*;
And *ſuch* are thoſe *Great Souls* who *Earth* deſie.

7 But ye *Unrighteous* Souls! your ſelves *degrade*:
Dye *Men*, then! *Dye*, what *ye your ſelves* have made.
8 Judge of the Earth, ariſe! ſend Juſtice down
From Heav'n, on th' injur'd World, which is thine own.

Pſalm LXXXIII.

[*Deus quis ſimilis.*]

1 RIſe, Lord! thine Enemies beat thick Alarms,
2 And round about us joyn confed'rate Arms
3 To root us out; that we be but a *Name*;
4 And *live* but in a *long diſhonour'd Fame*.
5 Inceſtuous *Moab*, and the *Iſmaelites*,
6 Join with the *Hagarens*, and *Edomites*.
7 *Gebal*, and the *Amalekites* conſpire
With *Ammon*, th' *Philiſtins*, and them of *Tyre*.

8 The Powerful *Aſſyrians* too, combine,
And joyn in League with *Lot*'s deteſted Line.
9 But, as thy Vengeance *Midian* overtook,
Jabin, and *Siſera*, at *Kiſon*'s Brook,
10 Whoſe Slaughter'd Carcaſes at *Endor*, flung
To Birds, and Beaſts of Prey, became as Dung;
11 So periſh theſe: And may their Rulers all
Like *Zeb*, and *Oreb*, and *Zalmunna*, fall.

12 Who ſaid, Gods Houſes, all the Land throughout,
Our *ſelves* will enter, and the *God caſt out*.
13 Render their giddy Counſels like a *Wheel*;
Let them, like Chaff, by Whirl-winds hurry'd, reel.
14 As raging Flames conſume a growing Wood,
Born down, as by a ſwift impetuous Flood,
Whence their bright Waves o're the ſteep Mountains born,
All their fair crowns of Trees, to Aſhes turn:

15 So blaſt them with the Tempeſt of thy Frown;
And with thy dreadful Vengeance, hurl them down.
16 Confuſion cover them, and laſting Shame,
17 That, *periſhing*, they may confeſs thy Name.
18 That thou, O our *Jehovah*! maiſt be known
To be the Higheſt, to be God *alone*.

Gloria *of two Verſes.*

Pſalm

Psalm LXXXIV.

[*Quam dilecta.*]

1 HOw highly raviſhing, Great God of War!
Where thou haſt choſe thy Seat, thy dwellings are?
2 My longing Soul *faints* for thy Courts, and thee;
Nought elſe, the thirſt of *Souls*, can ſatisfie.
3 The *Sparrow*, Lord! may *nigh* thine Altars reſt;
And *Swallow*, *undiſturbed*, build her Neſt.

4 But *happy they*, who in thy Houſe of Praiſe,
Hon'ring thy Name, number their joyful Days
5 And *happy they*, who do thy Laws fulfill,
And in *thy ſtrength* approach thy *Holy Hill*.
Who think on nothing *more*, than on thoſe *ways*
Which to thy Temple *lead*, and Houſe of Praiſe.

6 Whither, though they through thirſty Deſarts go,
Yet, for their uſe, commanded *Springs* do flow;
O're-fill'd with Floods, deſcending from the Skie,
The ſwelling Pools do all their wants ſupply.
7 Theſe happy Troops, i'th' *Stated Feaſts* o'th' Year,
Before their God in *Sion* do appear.

8 Lord! hear; and grant my Heart's unfeign'd Addreſs!
9 And with thy Preſence thine Annointed bleſs.
10 For in thy Houſe *one day* is better far
Than in *another* place, a *thouſand* are;
I would deſpiſe the *Courts*, and glorious *State*
O'th' Wicked, for the *Threſhold* of thy *Gate*.

11 For what's more glorious than the Soul that's *thine?*
Who *Grace* beſtow'ſt, and *Glories All-Divine?*
Who doſt to thoſe who do *uprightly* live,
O *Sun!* O *Shield!* O *God!* all *good things* give.
12 O Lord of Hoſts! how *ſurely* bleſs'd is he
Who quits all *other* ſtrength, and truſts in *thee.*

Pſalm LXXXV.

[*Benedixiſti Domine.*]

1 LOrd! Thou haſt *own'd* thy People; ſet them free;
And brake the Chain of their Captivity.
2 Turn'd back thy Wrath, and all the Plagues it ſent;
3 Releas'd our *ſins*, and their due *Puniſhment.*

4 Turn *us* now, Lord! as thou thy *Wrath* didſt turn;
That neither *we* may *ſin*, nor thy *Wrath burn.*
Check our *renewing* Evils; and oppoſe
The *ſtill-advancing* Powers of our Foes.

5 Wilt thou for *ever*, Lord! diſpleaſed be?
Extend thy Wrath to *all Poſterity?*
6 Shall Mercy be *no more? No more* revive
Our Souls, which only, joying in thee, live?

7 God of Salvation, *ſave!* and manifeſt
Thy Mercies, which *alone* can make us bleſs'd.
8 Speak Lord: for thou'lt ſpeak *Peace* to *thoſe* who mourn
Their Sins; if they *no more* to *folly* turn.

Salvation keeps thoſe who keep God's Command;
9 And brighteſt Glories ever-ſpread their Land.

10 *Mer-*

10 *Mercy there* joyns with *Truth*; and Righteouſneſs
Meeting with bleſſed Peace, each other kiſs.

11 Truth ſhall from th' Earth, a *new encreaſe* be giv'n;
And *bamſh'd* Righteouſneſs look down from Heav'n.
12 Yea, God will ſuch with all his good things bleſs;
13 And th' Earth ſhall pour forth her *full* Encreaſe.

The Juſt ſhall reap, what *Heav'n* and *Earth* can yield;
Graces of *Heav'n*, and Bounties of the *Field*.
Thus God appears for thoſe who him obey;
Whom Juſtice goes before, and *ſigns* his Way.

Pſalm LXXXVI.

[*Inclina Domine.*]

1 BOw down thine Ear, O Lord! and hear my Cry;
For I am *Poor*; Poor, and in Miſery.
2 Preſerve my Soul; for I thy Laws obey;
3 Do *truſt* in *thee*, and ſerve thee Day by Day.

4 Hear, Lord! and my afflicted Soul relieve;
5 For thou art Good, and ready to forgive.
6 Give ear, O Lord! for thou wilt hear my Cry,
7 Pour'd forth i'th' Day of my Calamity.

8 Among the Gods, O Lord! like *thee* is none;
And *who* can do the Works that *thou* haſt done?
9 Man is thy Work, and his *diſſenting* Race,
Thoſe ſcatter'd Limbs ſhall *joyn*, and thus thee Praiſe.

10 " *Thou*, Lord, art *Great*! *Thou* art our God *alone*!
" By Wonders, by *Mans ſelf*, the Nobleſt, known;
12 " Shew us thy *Truth*! and our *ſeduced* Heart,
12 " *From thee* betrayed, *unto thee* convert!

" Our Souls ſhall then for ever Praiſe thy Name;
" Inlightned by their firſt *Original* Flame;
13 " And bleſs that *Mighty Love*, which, when they fell
" From thee, *redeem'dſt* them from the *loweſt Hell*.

14 O God! the *Mighty Ones* againſt me riſe;
Forces and Counſels *joyn*, and thee *deſpiſe*:
15 God of all pity! O long-Suffering God!
Fountain of Truth! Mercy's unwaſted Flood;

16 Behold the *threatned* Storm! and from thy Throne
Thy Forces, thy *reſiſtleſs Aids*, ſend down.
Own thy weak Servant! and by ſome bleſs'd Sign,
Tell my amazed Foes, that *I am thine*.

Pſalm LXXXVII.

[*Fundamenta ejus.*]

1 UPon the ſacred Mount the Building's rais'd;
2 *Sion* there ſtands, and the *lov'd* Houſe of Prai
3 'Bove *Jacob's other* Dwellings lov'd; for God
Has made thee glorious, with his *own* abode.

4 Talk not of *Rahab*, or of *Babylon*,
To theſe to whom the *greater Sion's* known!
Let no Man boaſt, he's born a *Tyrian*,
A *Philiſtin*, or *Æthiopian*.

5 I

5 For God a *firmer* Honour gives to *them*
6 Who are the *Natives* of *Jeruſalem*:
For when he liſts the World, it ſhall be told
From *thence*, are *Men*; from *hence*, are *Saints* enroll'd.

7 And in that honour'd Senſe, *all* who *Praiſe* him,
Are *Sons* of *Sion*, and *Jeruſalem*.
Who, thoſe bleſs'd Springs, which his abundant Grace
Sheds on their Souls, *return* again in *Praiſe*.

Pſalm LXXXVIII.

[*Domine Deus.*]

1 GOd of Salvation, hear! for unto thee,
2 All Day and Night, waſted with Cares, I cry.
3 My Soul is full of Anguiſh; and my Life
Haſtes to an *early* Grave, pierc'd through with Grief.

4 I ſeem like one who is *already* dead;
Sorrow has *ſlain* me, e're my *Days* are *fled*.
5 I'm like the *Slaughter'd*, whom the *Sword* ſets *free*,
Releas'd from Life, to th' Grave's *dark* Liberty.

And like to *them*, I *unremembred* lye;
Shut from the *Light*; and, Lord! *forgot by thee*.
6 Into the *loweſt* Pit I am ſunk down;
Down into th' Deep, and th' Land of Darkneſs thrown.

7 And yet thy heavy Wrath *renews* the Load;
As VVaves urge VVaves, and re-inforce the Flood.

8 *No Eye* does pity me; I'm left *alone*;
My *Friends* are *fled*; for *Misery* has *None*.

Chain'd to my Woes, I, as in *Bendage*, lye,
Grief's Captive; and there's *None* to ranſom me.
9 To *Thee*, O Refuge of my Soul! I turn,
Stretch out my Hand *all day*, and *all day mourn*.

10 Lord! wilt Thou ſhew thy *Wonders* 'mongſt the *Dead*?
Shall the *clos'd Lip* praiſe Thee? and th' *Breath* that's
11 Shall the dark *Sepulcher* thy Goodneſs tell? (*fled*?
Thy Truth be ſhown, *there*, where *Life's Ruines* dwell?

12 In Night's deep Cell, thy *buried Wonders* known?
Thy *Juſtice*, honour'd in *Oblivion*?
13 O let the *Living* praiſe Thee! O let *Me*
Who, e're the Dawn appears, wake up to Thee.

14 Why, Lord! doſt Thou my anguiſh'd Soul reject?
And not *One Mercy*, not *One Beam* reflect?
15 In Sorrows ſpent, I've numbred o're my years,
16 And for the Hours I've liv'd, *counted* my Fears.

My God! I dye; thy Terrours me ſurround;
Thine Anger, and the Fury of thy Frown.
17 Like Waves they ſwell; farther, and higher, roul;
And the vaſt Deluge overwhelms my Soul.

18 Thoſe few, are yet my Friends, thou doſt *remove*;
And baniſh from my ſight their *uſeleſs* Love.

Gloria *of two Verſes.*

Pſalm

Psalm LXXXIX.

[*Miſericordias Domini.*]

1 GReat God of *Truth* and *Love!* thy Name I'le praiſe
Ever; and leave my Song to *after Days.*
2 Beyond the Bounds of Time thy Mercy's known;
And thy *Truth's* fix'd, as ſtable as thy *Throne.*

3 To *David* I have ſworn, rais'd by *my* Hand,
4 Thy Kingdom ſhall, *beyond* Time's ruine, ſtand.
5 The Heav'nly Hoſt thy Wonders, Lord! confeſs;
And all thy Saints ſing loud, thy Faithfulneſs.

6 *Who*, mighty Lord! with *Thee*, compar'd may be?
Nor *Earth* can yield, nor *Heav'n*, a God like *Thee.*
7 In their Aſſemblies, *Thee*, thy Saints revere;
And all the Great on Earth, with Terrour, fear.
8 Who's ſtrong like *Thee? Thee* Truth ſurrounds, with (*bright*,
But *ſofter* Glories, than thy Robes of *Light.*
9 Thou check'ſt the ragings of the angry Deep;
And in a Calm all its bold Terrours ſleep.

10 *Ægypt*, in *vain*, withſtood thy Pow'rful Hand;
Thou didſt deſtroy proud *Pharaoh*, and his *Land.*
11 The Heav'ns are *thine*; *thine* is the Earth; and *thine*
Nature's vaſt VVealth, and inexhauſted Mine.

12 All Coaſts thou mad'ſt, praiſe *Thee*; and to rejoice
In *Thee*, *Tabor* and *Hermon* find a *Voice.*

13 Great

13 Great, *above pow'r*; and high, is the Command
Of thy Victorious, thine Almighty Hand.

14 *Juſtice*, before thy Throne; and *Judgment*, wait;
Mercy and *Truth*, Heav'n's *Miniſters* of *State*.
15 O bleſſed They! who, on th' appointed Days,
Summon'd, attend Thee in thy Feaſts of Praiſe.

They in thy Light ſhall walk; whoſe glorious Beam
Shed round them, ſhall *direct* and *cover* them.
16 Bleſſing thy Name, they *paſs* their happy days;
And hon'ring thee, learn the *Delights* of Praiſe.

17 When they the Glories ſing of Pow'r *Divine*,
18 They boaſt their *Own*; *theirs* is wrapt up in *thine*.
Thy Juſtice *them* exalts; *that* ſtrength is *theirs*,
And *that* high favour which *for them* appears.

They're ſafe in *thy* Defence; and *then* they ſing
Thy *People's* Bliſs, when they ſing *Thee* their *King*.
19 Thou, to thy Prophet, haſt in *Viſion* ſaid,
To One that's *Mighty*, I *more* Help did add.

20 My Servant *David* I have *choſe*, and ſhed
My ſacred Oyl, on his Annointed Head;
21 *My* pow'rful Arm ſhall be his ſtrong *Defence*,
22 And guard him from the Sons of Violence.

23 Before him I'le deſtroy his Enemies;
And ſtrike with Plagues, thoſe who againſt him riſe.
24 But with *Himſelf*, my Truth and Love ſhall ſtand
For *ever*; and exalt his high Command.

25 His

25 His Scepter from *Euphrates* ſhall extend,
Till in the *Weſtern Sea* his Regions end.
26 He ſhall, *Me*, *Father* call; *Me*, *God* alone;
And *Me*, the *Rock* of his Salvation.

27 And I, *Him*, *Heir* will make; the *firſt* in *Birth*;
And *Firſt*, 'bove all the Princes of the Earth:
28 My Mercies *ne'*re ſhall leave him; but as *ſure*,
And ſtedfaſt, as my *Covenant* endure.

29 To his immortal Race, there ſhall be given
30 The *termleſs* Meaſure of the *Days of Heav'n*.
31 But, if they *break* my Laws, I'll them recall
32 With *Stripes*; will *puniſh*, but *relieve* the Fall.

33 For, my *ſworn* Mercies, and *tranſcendent* Love,
Exceeding, *far*, *their Crimes*, I'le *ne're* remove.
34 For, though *They* break *their part* o'th' Covenant,
My Mercy ſhall confirm the *forfeit Grant*.

35 The Holy One of *Iſrael* ſhall *not lye*;
Nor th' *Oath* he *ſware* to *David*, *falſifie*.
36 Thy Seed for *ever* ſhall endure; thy Throne
37 More glorious, more laſting, than the *Sun*.

And ſhall, beyond Heav'ns *ſecond* Light, the *Moon*,
A Circle of *unvaried* Glories, run.
Thele conſcious Lights atteſt my ſtedfaſt Truth;
Are Witneſſes of *Me*, and of *my Oath*.

38 But thine Annointed, *now*, thou haſt *forſook*;
39 As if thou didſt thy Covenant *revoke*;
No more regardeſt his diſhonoured Crown,
But haſt *ſtruck't off*, and caſt it to the Ground.

40 Thou

40 Thou haſt his Strengths and his Defences broke;
And his firm Powers to confuſion ſhook;
41 *Now* He's the Spoil and Scorn of *All*; to *All*
Expos'd, ſince *Thou* art *pleaſed* with his Fall.

42 He boaſts *no more*, his Enemies overthrow,
43 *Thy David* is the *Triumph* of his *Foe*.
44 *How* are his Glories *faln!* and *how*, their Light
Not *wan* and *fading*, but *extinguiſh'd* quite!

45 *How* are his youthful days, not *fully* ran,
Cut off! and meaſur'd by a *ſhorter* Span!
46 *When*, for thy Servant, Lord! wilt thou appear?
When quench the wrath of thy conſuming Fire?

47 Remember, Lord! how *ſwift*, Life's Shadow haſtes;
Man's days are *loſt*, whoſe Hours *Affliction waſtes*.
48 The *longeſt*, *freeſt* life, *muſt end*; and Death
Stops our *unfiniſh'd Labours* with *our Breath*.

49 O *where*, O God! *where* is thy *former Love?*
To *David ſworn*, and *regiſtred Above?*
50 O think on the *Reproaches* I endure,
Caſt in my Breaſt, expos'd to th' *Men of pow'r*.

51 But ſtay not *there*; for what by them is thrown
'Gainſt thine *Annointed*'s Honour, wounds *thine Own*:
52 Whoſe hallow'd Name, has, *from all Ages*, been,
And be it *ever* bleſs'd! *Amen! Amen!*

Hallelujah.

Part of the FOURTH BOOK of the

PSALMS,

PARAPHRAS'D.

Psalm XC.

[*Domine Refugium factus es.*]

1 O Thou the Rock of Ages! thy high Seat
Has to us *ever* been a *ſafe Retreat.*
2 Before the *horrid Night* was chas'd away,
And ſever'd from the *Confines of the Day*;
E're *Being* was; or *Motion* receiv'd *Laws*;
But the World *ſlept*, in *Thee* th' *Almighty Cauſe*,
Thou wert: And when *their* meaſur'd Race is run,
Thou ſhalt endure *beyond Succeſſion.*

3 From *out the Duſt*, thou haſt *call'd* Wretched Man;
Then call'ſt him *back*, and he is *Duſt again.*
4 Shouldſt thou *extend* his Span, *what* would it be,
Compar'd, O God! to *thy Eternity?*

For

For th' Ages of a *thouſand Years*, thy ſight
Beholds, but as the *paſt* Hours of *One Night*.
5 Upon Times floating *Stream*, our Years are *born*;
6 The River *runs not back*; nor th' Years *return*.

Our Days ſeem as a *ſleep*; when we *awake*
Dying; and on the *Dream* of life, *look back*.
W'are like the *Flower*, which in the *Morn* was *Gay*;
But *cropt* i'th' *Evening*, *pale*, and *wither'd* lay.
7 Our Sins provoke thine Indignation,
And on our wretched Life, *more* Plagues call down.
8 We waſte our Years in *Vanity*, and *Care*,
Whilſt our dark Crimes expos'd to *Juſtice* are.

9 By *Trouble*, *Sorrow*, *Need*, *Sickneſs*, is drawn
The *Scene* of *Life*; and *Fable* of *the Man*.
10 Our Life is *Seventy* Years; if we attain
Eighty, thoſe *feeble* Ones, are Years of *Pain*;
So *ſoon*, or ſo *unuſeful* our Days run;
They *ſwiftly* haſte; and *e're* we *live*, th'are *gone*.
11 Yet thy fierce Wrath, though equal to our fear,
Who minds, till Death's *Eternal Hour* draws near?

12 Teach us Time's *value*; that the Years we have,
We may *redeem*; and *reſcue* from the *Grave*.
And may learn *Wiſdom*, whilſt we draw *that* Breath
Which, as a glorious *Price*, we *gain* from *Death*.
13 Return, O Lord! and be incens'd *no more*!
Remit our Sins! and th' Judgments we deplore.
14 Give us an *early* Mercy, that yet we,
Our few *remaining* Years, may joy in thee.

15 Make a *return* of *Bliſs* for thoſe Years ſpent
In *Wo*; and *worn out* by thy *Puniſhment*.

16 Be-

16 Be theſe thy Works of Favour, and of Grace,
Shewn unto *us*, and our Succeeding *Race*.
17 O Lord of Glories! with *thy* Conduct, bleſs
Us, and *our Works*; and crown them with Succeſs.

Gloria *of two Verſes.*

Pſalm XCI.

[*Qui habitat!*]

1 WHo the *Almighty* his *Defence* has made,
May reſt *ſecure* under the *Pow'rful Shade*;
2 'Tis God *alone*, whoſe ſtrength can ſuccour me,
All my dependence, Lord! and hope's in *thee*.

3 He ſhall thee free from the *diſſembled* Snare
O'th' *Guileful*, and from the Peſt's killing Air.
4 The ſafety of his Wing ſhall cover thee,
And his *ſure Promiſes*, thy Refuge be.

5 *Night's* Terrors, nor the Arrows ſhot by *Day*,
Shall the ſure Peace of thy firm Soul betray;
6 Nor the *dark* Peſt, which, as in *Ambuſh*, kills;
Nor *bolder* War, which *Day* with Slaughter fills.

7 Thouſands on *this*, Thouſands on *that* Hand dye;
But the *vain* Fury ſhall not come to *thee*.
8 But, while thy ſelf in *ſafety* art, ſhalt ſee
The *juſt Revenges* on Impiety.

9 O happy thou! who, 'cauſe thou doſt rely
On *God*, and fix thy Thoughts on the *moſt High*;
10 Therefore

10 Therefore *no Plague* Shall ever dare t' infeſt
Thy Dwelling, nor diſturb thy happy Reſt.

11 He ſhall command his Angels to deſcend
For *thee*; the *Bleſs'd* ſhall on the *Bleſs'd* attend.
12 This *unſeen* Guard, ſhall in their Arms thee bear
O're Dangers, that thy ſtumbling Foot not erre.

13 Thou ſhalt the Lyon tame, cruſh th' Adder's Head;
And on the harmleſs Poyſon, *ſafely* tread.
14 Becauſe (ſays God) his Love on *me* was ſet,
Reſcu'd from Perils, I will make him Great.

15 He ſhall his Prayer make, and I will hear;
And will in Mercy *anſwer* his deſire:
In Troubles I'll be *with him*; ſet him *free*;
And make his *Sufferings*, his *Honour* be.

16 When *ſatisfi'd* with Life, his Years are done,
I *then* will ſhew him *my Salvation*.

Gloria *of two Verſes.*

Pſalm XCII.

[*Bonum eſt confiteri.*]

1 HOw Good, how *Pleaſant*, are the Acts of Praiſe,
When we to Heav'n our Souls and Voices raiſe!
2 *Before*, the Stars, i'th' *Morn*, loſe their pale Light;
And *when* their ſparkling Fires *relieve* the *Night*;
3 By *all* the modes, the trembling Air is *ſhook*,
When ſounds, *ſounds meeting*, are in *murmurs broke*.

Upon

Upon the *Lute* and Ten ſtring'd Inſtrument,
Joyn'd with the full, and ſolemn *Harps*, conſent.
4 Lord! in thy Works does my glad Soul rejoyce;
And, as in *Triumphs* rais'd, lift up its Voice.
5 What Wonders *every where*, thy Works preſent!
How *full* of *Order*! *full* of *Ornament*!

How *deep* thy Counſels! and how *dark* to *Senſe*,
Are thy myſterious *Ways* of *Providence*!
6 Ways which the *Fool* will *never* comprehend;
Nor learn his *own*, and th' *Juſt* Mans, *different* End.
7 Not learn that Sinners, as Graſs *fully* grown,
Fatally ſprung, only to be *cut down*.

8 Eternal Lord! Eternally moſt High!
9 See, how thine Enemies fall, and ſcatter'd lye!
10 But *me*, thou doſt exalt; and on *my Head*
Thy *freſheſt* Oyl, and *ſofteſt* Balm haſt ſhed.
11 Whilſt, as in triumph, I my Foes behold
Puniſh'd by thee; and unto Vengeance ſold.

12 The Juſt, like th' Palm, *continual* verdures crown;
Or Cedars on the Head of *Lebanon*.
13 In thy bleſs'd Courts, planted, they take deep root;
And, as by Age *renew'd*, *then* bear *more* Fruit.
14 That *all* may know, that God loves *Righteouſneſs*;
Will *Sinners puniſh*; and the *Juſt Man* bleſs.

Psalm XCIII.

[*Dominus regnat.*]

1 CLoathed with *Glory*, God reigns King *alone*;
And arm'd with *Power*; for what he *wills* is *done*.
He has fix'd Nature's Laws; by his Command
All things were *made*; by that Command they *ſtand*.

2 Thy Throne, of *Old*; when th' VVorld was *nothing*,
Thou, *from* and *to* Eternity, art *God*. (ſtood;
3 The Floods, O Lord! the Floods o'th' mighty riſe;
Their o'regrown VVaves the lower Banks deſpiſe.

4 O Mightier, Lord! when *thy Frown* checks their Pride,
All their ſwoln VVaves in a low Calm ſubſide.
5 In vain then they againſt thy Servants riſe,
VVhom thy *Truth* guards, and thy *ſure Promiſes*:

VVhom, with the Beauties of thine Houſe, thou'lt bleſs,
And the *true Decencies* of *Holineſs*.

Gloria *of two Verſes.*

Psalm XCIV.

[*Deus Ultionum.*]

1 JUdge of the World! who from thy Pow'rful Throne
Behold'ſt what ever on the Earth is done;
2 Regard the *Proud*! and on his guilty Head
Pour down the Vengeance he has merited.

3 How

3 How long ſhall He *ſucceſsful* miſchiefs boaſt?
4 In whoſe purſuit the Peace o'th' world is loſt.

5 He rends in pieces the afflicted Poor,
And does thy weak, unguarded Flock devour
6 *Adds* Grief to thoſe, *already* in diſtreſs;
Slays the VVidow, Stranger, and the Fatherleſs.
7 *Forgets* the Recompence of the moſt High;
For God (ſays he) does not our Actions *ſee*.

8 Dull thoughtleſs Fool! *When* wilt thou learn? Shall he
9 VVho *made* the Ear, not *hear*? the *Eye*, not *ſee*?
10 Shall *He*, who by his *Judgments* does *reclaim*
11 The Heathen; and *teach them* to fear his Name;
Not puniſh *thee*? He knows thy thoughts, weak Man!
Knows thy ſhort reaſonings, and thoſe Thoughts are (vain.
12 But bleſs'd is he, who *thus* thy Fear is taught,
And by thy *Chaſtiſement*, to knowledge brought.
13 For he will *Patience* learn; and will attend
The Sinner's *fall*, and his *condemned End*.
14 Knowing that God is *Juſt*; and will not leave
Th' Oppreſſed, nor th' Oppreſſor will forgive.

15 But to his Judgments, Juſtice ſhall give Laws;
And by thoſe Laws, th' Upright ſhall guide their ways.
16 In vain from *other* Pow'rs we aid expect;
17 God does *alone Revenge*; *alone*, *Protect*.
18 He ſaved me; and when my Foot had *ſlip'd*,
Suſtain'd by him, I my firm *Station kept*.

19 And, 'midſt the anxious thoughts perplex'd my Mind,
On *him* reflecting, Joy and Comfort find.
20 For I conſider'd, *Juſt* God does not *own*
The *Unjuſt* Counſels of the *impious Throne*:

Whoſe black Conſults favour th' *unrighteous* Cauſe;
Rules for Injuſtice frame; oppreſs by *Laws*;

21 Purſue the *juſt*; and in his *Blood* conſent,
Condemning by a *Law*, the *Innocent*.
22 Wherefore, by the Juſt God; my ſure defence;
Who ſaves me from the Sons of Violence;
23 Shall all their formal miſchiefs be o'rethrown;
Turn'd on *themſelves*, and they themſelves *cut down*.

Pſalm XCV.

[*Venite exultemus.*]

1 O Come, and let us Sing unto the Lord!
And with our *Voices*, let our *Hearts* accord.
2 Let us before him, our Thankſgivings bring,
And Pſalms, and Praiſes, in his Preſence Sing.

3 For God is Great; above *all Gods*, is Great;
King, o're all *other* Gods, and Powers, ſet.
4 The *loweſt Depths* of th' Earth, are in *his* Hand;
And by his Strength the threatning *Mountains* ſtand!

5 He made the *Sea*, and does that Sea *command*;
Withdrew its Waves, and rais'd up the *dry Land*.
6 O come then! and fall down! and kneel before
The Lord our Maker! and his Name adore!

7 For he's the Lord our God; and we the Sheep
8 Which *his* Hand leads, and his *own* Paſtures keep.
O hear our Shepherd's Voice! Bring Hearts *prepar'd*;
Not ſuch as in the Deſart: *Proud* and *hard*:

9 Where

9 Where your Rebellious Fathers *tempted* me;
And did thoſe works, of which they *doubted*, ſee.
10 That Generation griev'd me Forty Years;
Their Heart (ſaid I) knows not my way, but *errs*.

11 Wherefore I ſware, into my Land of Reſt
They ſhould not come; nor be with *Canaan* bleſs'd.

Gloria *of two Verſes.*

Pſalm XCVI.

[*Cantate Domino.*]

1 SIng a *new* Song to God: Let *all* conſpire
In his great Praiſe, and make the World one *Quire*.
2 Give him *continual* Honour! Let *each Day*
His known Salvation to the *next* conveigh.

3 Sing loud! that Mankind may at *diſtance* hear;
And *all* the World, *their*, and *our* God revere.
4 Sing, God is *Great*! and greatly to be *Prais'd*;
His Glory far 'bove *other* Gods is rais'd.

5 *He* made the Heav'ns; made *that Idolater*,
Who *made* his *God*; the ſtupid Heathen's fear.
6 Before *him*, *Honour* bows; him *Majeſty*
Surrounds; *Beauty* adorns his Sanctu'ry.

7 To *him*, O all ye Sons of mortal Men
Aſcribe *all Glory*! and *all Pow'r reſign*.

8 Enter his glorious Courts with *Praiſe*; and bring
9 The *great*, the *acceptable* Offering.

Bring *Holineſs*; Soul's *undefil'd*, and *clean*;
Graces of *Heav'n*; and Beauties *all-Divine*;
Then Worſhip; Off'ring *that pure* Sacrifice;
Such as *becomes* his *Houſe of Holineſs*.

10 Inſtruct the Heathen; tell them *God* does reign;
That *he made* th' world; and does his work *maintain*.
And tell them, he is Judge of *all*; that he
Will come, and judge the griev'd Earth Righteouſly.

11 Be glad, O Earth then! and ye Heav'ns rejoyce!
Thou, Sea! and all thy Wonders, joyn your Voice.
12 God comes! let all his joyful works attend
The mighty Preſence; for our God deſcends.

Cloath'd with new Verdures let the Fields be glad;
And the fair Trees with freſher crowns be clad;
13 God comes! he, to *relieve th' Oppreſs'd*, does come;
Bring Juſtice *back*; and give the World its *Doom*.

Pſalm XCVII.

[*Dominus regnavit.*]

1 GOd reigns! let the glad Earth lift up its Voice,
And all the *leſſer* Worlds, the Iſles rejoyce.
2 A Night of Clouds round his bright Throne is ſpread,
His Throne by *Truth*, and *Right* eſtabliſhed.

3 Conſuming Fires, and Flames before him run;
4 He Prey his Foes, and melt the Mountains down.

5 The

5 The Heav'ns above declare his Righteouſneſs;
6 And all the World does its Great God confeſs.

7 Ye, who *make* Gods, then Worſhip that fond Pow'r,
Confounded be! God, *All ye Gods* adore!
8 *Sion*, O mighty Lord! thy Judgments heard,
9 Which *Judah*'s Daughters in their Songs declar'd.

They Sung thy Judgments on *thoſe Gods* ſent down;
Exalting *thee*, in *their* Confuſion.
10 O ye, who love the Lord, love what *he* loves!
He hates all Ill, and Good *alone* approves.

The Soul that walks in its Integrity,
God keeps; and reſcues from his Enemy.
11 *Immortal* Joyes and Glories wait th' *Upright*;
Prepared for them in the Fields of *Light*.

12 Rejoyce ye Juſt Ones! let your happy Days
Be ſpent in the memorials of his Praiſe.

Gloria *of two Verſes.*

Pſalm XCVIII.

[*Cantate Domino.*]

1 TO *new Thankſgivings*, let *new Mercies* move;
That we may ſing the Wonders of *Gods Love*.
For he *Himſelf*, lent his *immediate* Hand;
And God *for us*, *our* Victory has gain'd.
2 His Righteouſneſs to *all* the Heathen's known;
The Conqueſts of his great Salvation.

3 His Truth of Old, engag'd to *Iſrael*,
Iſrael redeem'd, and *all the World* can tell.

4 Tell then, Redeemed World! his Praiſes tell,
Who ſav'd his *Gentiles*, and his *Iſrael*.
5 Bring the *inſpired Hymn!* Give it a *Voice!*
With all the Pow'rs of Harmony rejoyce.

6 Bring the loud Cornet, Trumpet, or the Flute;
7 With the ſoft purlings of the mellow Lute.
8 Through *Nature*, at th' approaching of its King,
As from *one Soul* diffus'd, *One Joy* ſhall ſpring.

The Earth and Sea rejoyce; the Floods, and Hills,
A *kindly ſtowing Warmth* of *Gladneſs* fills.
9 For God is come to judge the World; and he
Shall judge with Juſtice, and with Equity.

Pſalm XCIX.

[*Dominus regnavit iraſcantur*, &c.]

1 GOd reigns! His Throne guarded by th' Cherubim;
Tremble, O Earth! approach and Worſhip him.
2 The Lord, in *Sion*, where h' has fix'd his Seat,
And over all the Pow'rs of Earth is *Great*.

3 Is Great in *Holineſs*; in *Judgment* Great;
4 And in diſpenſing Equity, and Right.
5 Fall low before him; and exalt alone
His Holineſs, who is the Holy One.

6 To *Moſes*, *Aaron*, and to *Samuel*,
Calling on him, he did His Will reveal.

7 To

7 To them, from out the Cloudy Pillar, ſpake;
Who, nor the Laws he gave, nor Statutes, brake;

8 Yea, when they fell he heard; and them forgave;
Their ſin did puniſh, but th' Offender ſave;
9 O fall before him; and exalt alone
His Holineſs, who is the Holy One.

Pſalm C.

[*Jubilate Deo.*]

1 O All the Regions of the Earth,
Bleſs God! who gave the World its Birth.
2 Your Souls to him, and Voices raiſe!
Learn, and expreſs the *Joys* of *Praiſe!*

3 God *made*, and *peopled* all the Lands;
Man's not the Work of his *own* Hands.
And what he made, he *feeds* and *keeps*;
Th' *Almighty Shepherd* never ſleeps.

4 O then, with Joy, make your addreſs
I'th' Temple of his Holineſs!
With grateful Hearts aloud proclaim
The Honours of his Honour'd Name.

5 For God is *Good*; is Good *alone*;
All Ages have his Mercies known;
His Truth *beyond* them ſhall endure
Stedfaſt, and, as his Mercy, *ſure*.

Hallelujah.

HYMNS

Uſed in the Church-Service.

[*Te Deum laudamus.*]

THEE, O our God! we praiſe; and thee
Confeſs to be the *only* Lord.
To bleſs thy Name, O thou moſt High!
All the *diſſenting* World accord.

Angels and Heav'ns joyn the loud Hymn;
And all the high Cœleſtial Pow'rs.
The Cherubim and Seraphim
Thus paſs their bleſs'd, Eternal *Hours.*

"O Holy, Holy Lord moſt High!
"O Holy God of Sabaoth!
"Full of thy glorious Majeſty
"All Earth is, and all Heav'n is both.

Th' Apoſtles add themſelves to th' *Quire*,
And all the Prophets, *full* of Thee,
Thy *preſent Viſion* does inſpire
With Raptures for Eternity.

Triumphant Martyrs bring their Palms,
And Songs, and *Crowns* of *Victory*;
And we, thy Militants, *our Pſalms*,
With all thy Church confeſſing thee.

Thee,

Thee, Father! *Thee*, we all revere;
Thine honour'd, true, and only *Son*:
Thee, *Holy Ghoſt*! Our Comforter,
Three Perſons, but One God alone.

O King of Glory! we praiſe thee;
O Chriſt! the Son of the Moſt High;
Thee, born from all Eternity,
O King of Glory we Praiſe thee!

When thou deſcendedſt from thy Throne,
And didſt, as *one of us*, become,
To dye for Man's Redemption,
Thou didſt not loath the Virgins Womb.

When thou, triumphant, brak'ſt the Chain
Of Death, and Hells Captivity,
Thou openedſt Heav'n to *ev'ry* Man
Who, to obey, believes in thee.

Thou, on th' Right Hand o'th' Pow'r Divine,
Veſted with uncreated Light,
Doſt i'th' Receſs of Glories ſhine,
Far from th' approaches of our ſight.

That thou ſhalt judge us, we believe,
O juſt One! Merciful! and Good!
We therefore beg thee to relieve
Thoſe thou redeemedſt with thy Blood.

'Midſt thy triumphant Hoſt of Saints,
Each *poor*, each *lab'ring* Soul,
All us diſtreſſed Militants,
We do beſeech thee, Lord! enroll

O

O Lord, thy People ſave! and bleſs
Thine *own redeem'd* Inheritance.
O guide us in this Life's diſtreſs,
And then Eternally advance!

Thee, Day by Day we magnifie;
And thy moſt Holy Name adore;
And ſhall *continue* Praiſing thee,
When Days are *fled*, and Time's *no more*.

Lord! keep us from *our ſelves* this Day;
And Sin's fair tempting Treachery:
Have Mercy, Lord! Mercy we pray
As we do put our truſt in thee.

O hope of all the Earth! in *thee*,
In thee, Dear Lord! I truſt *alone*;
Let me, thy Servant, never be
Abandon'd to Confuſion.

[*Benedictus*. Luc. 1. 68.]

68 THe God of *Iſrael* be magnified,
Who hath his People *Viſited*, and *freed*.
69 And on his Servant *David*'s ruin'd Throne
Hath rais'd up an immenſe Salvation.
70 As by his Prophets he foretold, that we
71 Should be redeem'd from ev'ry Enemy.

72 And as t'our Fathers he ingag'd his Truth
73 By Covenant, and to *Abraham*, by Oath.
74 That we, deliver'd from our Enemies,
75 Might fearleſs, live a Life of Holineſs.

76 And

76 And thou, bleſs'd Child! ſhalt go before the Face
Of the Meſſiah, to prepare his Ways.

77 To tell the World, their great Redemption's nigh;
And to Sin's Captives proclaim Liberty.
78 Through our God's Mercies, whereby night gives way
To the Morn of Heav'n, and th' *Eaſtern* Springs of day.
79 To ſhine on thoſe, ſunk in Nights dark Abyſs,
And guide our Feet into the way of Peace.

Gloria *of ſix Verſes.*

[*Magnificat.* Luc. 1. 46.]

46 MY joyful Soul my God does magnifie,
47 And Spirit, my Redeemer glorifie.
48 For He, his humble Hand-maid's lowlineſs
Regarded; whom henceforth all Times ſhall bleſs.
49 For th' Holy God hath honour'd me, whoſe Love,
50 All who fear him, through all Succeſſions prove.

51 His ſtrong Arm brake the Proud; and brought to nought
Th' aſpiring Counſels of their boundleſs Thought.
52 Hurl'd down the Pow'rful from their Pow'rful Seat;
Rais'd up the Meek, and made the Humble great.
53 The hungry Soul with good things ſati-fi'd;
Sent the Rich empty off; with nought ſupply'd.

54 His mercy, ſworn to *Abraham*'s Seed, made known
55 To all, in their fulfill'd Redemption.

Gloria *of ſix Verſes*

Nunc

[*Nunc dimittis.* Luc. 2. 29.]

29 Now let me dye! ſince I have ſeen my Lord;
And reſt in Peace, according to thy Word!
30 For, hid till *now*, *now* unto *all* is ſhown
31 The Saviour, and the Great Salvation.
32 Who to the *Gentiles*, will thy Light reveal;
And be the Glory of thy *Iſrael*.

Gloria *of ſix Verſes.*

GLORIA'S

For thoſe Pſalms, whoſe Verſes are four Feet.

Gloria *of two Verſes.*

TO the Eternal Trinity
All Glory, *now*, and *ever* be.

Gloria *of four Verſes.*

To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Glory be!
As was, when Time its Race begun,
And ſhall be for Eternity.

Gloria

Gloria *of ſix Verſes.*

All Glory be to God above!
To God, by whom all things were done;
To our Redeemer, God the Son;
And God, the Holy Spirit of Love.

As was, when Time's firſt hours wheel'd on,
And ſhall be when their Circle's done.

Gloria *of eight Verſes.*

To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit; Three in One:
And One alone in Trinity,
All Honour, Praiſe, and Glory be.

The Praiſe which from Beginning was,
(Beginning, but ne're ending Praiſe)
Be now; and Be, when Time ſhall be
The Triumph of Eternity.

GLORIA'S

For thoſe Pſalms whoſe Verſes are five Feet.

Gloria *of two Verſes.*

TO Father, Son, and Spirit, Glory be
The Days of Time, and of Eternity.

Gloria

Gloria *of four Verſes.*

All Glory to the Majeſty on High!
The ever bleſſing, bleſſed Trinity.
As i'th' *Beginning* was, is *now*; ſhall be
When Time ſhall paſs into Eternity.

Gloria *of ſix Verſes*

O Holy! Holy! Holy! Lord moſt High,
Coequal, Coeternal Deity!
Who *mad'ſt* us; didſt *Redeem*; and doſt *inſpire*
Our Soul's faln heat with *new Cœleſtial* Fire,
We bleſs thee *now*, and ſhall *Eternally*,
O Holy! Holy! Holy Lord moſt High!

Gloria *of eight Verſes.*

To God who did create the World's great Frame;
To God by whom loſt Man's Redemption came;
To God who Graces ſends, God th' Holy Ghoſt,
We *now*, give Praiſe, with all the Heav'nly Hoſt.

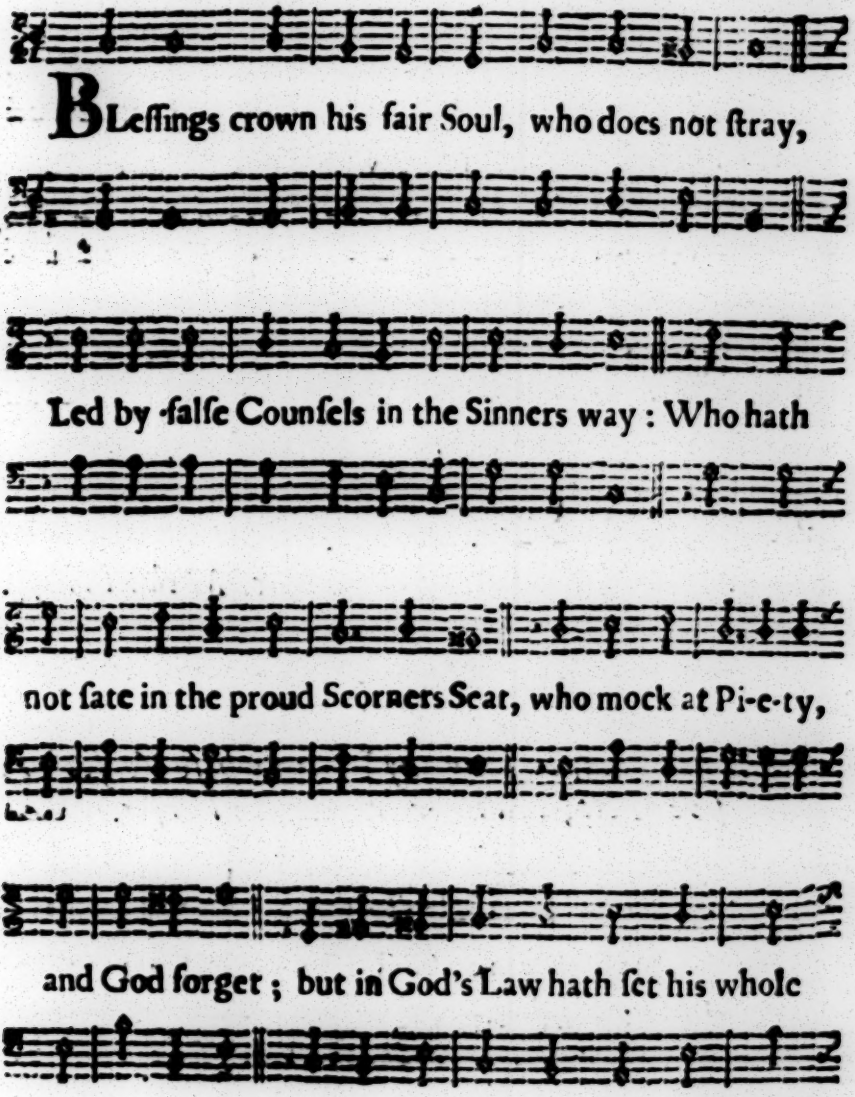
Thy early Praiſes i'th' Beginning were;
When all the Morning Stars made up the *Quire*: Job 38
Thee, *all* thy Works, *Angels* and *Men* adore; v 7.
As *we* do *now*; and ſhall do evermore.

Hallelujah.

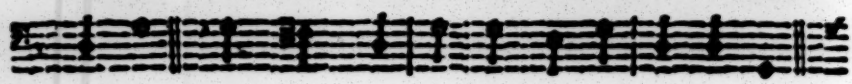
Pſalm

PSALM I.

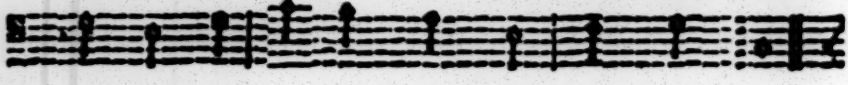
To this Tune may be ſung all thoſe Pſalms, *whoſe* Verſes *are five Feet, and their* Stanza *eight Verſes.*



Delight; And makes that Law his ſtudy day and night:



He's like the fruitful Tree, whoſe ſpreading Root,

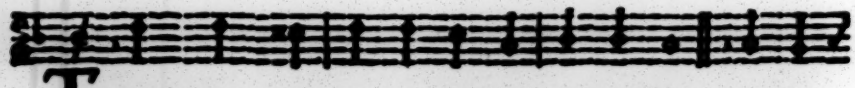


Fed by the living ſtreams, yield timely Fruit.

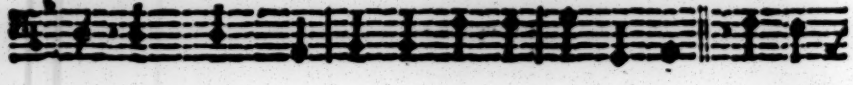
Mr. *Michael Wiſe.*

PSALM XIX.

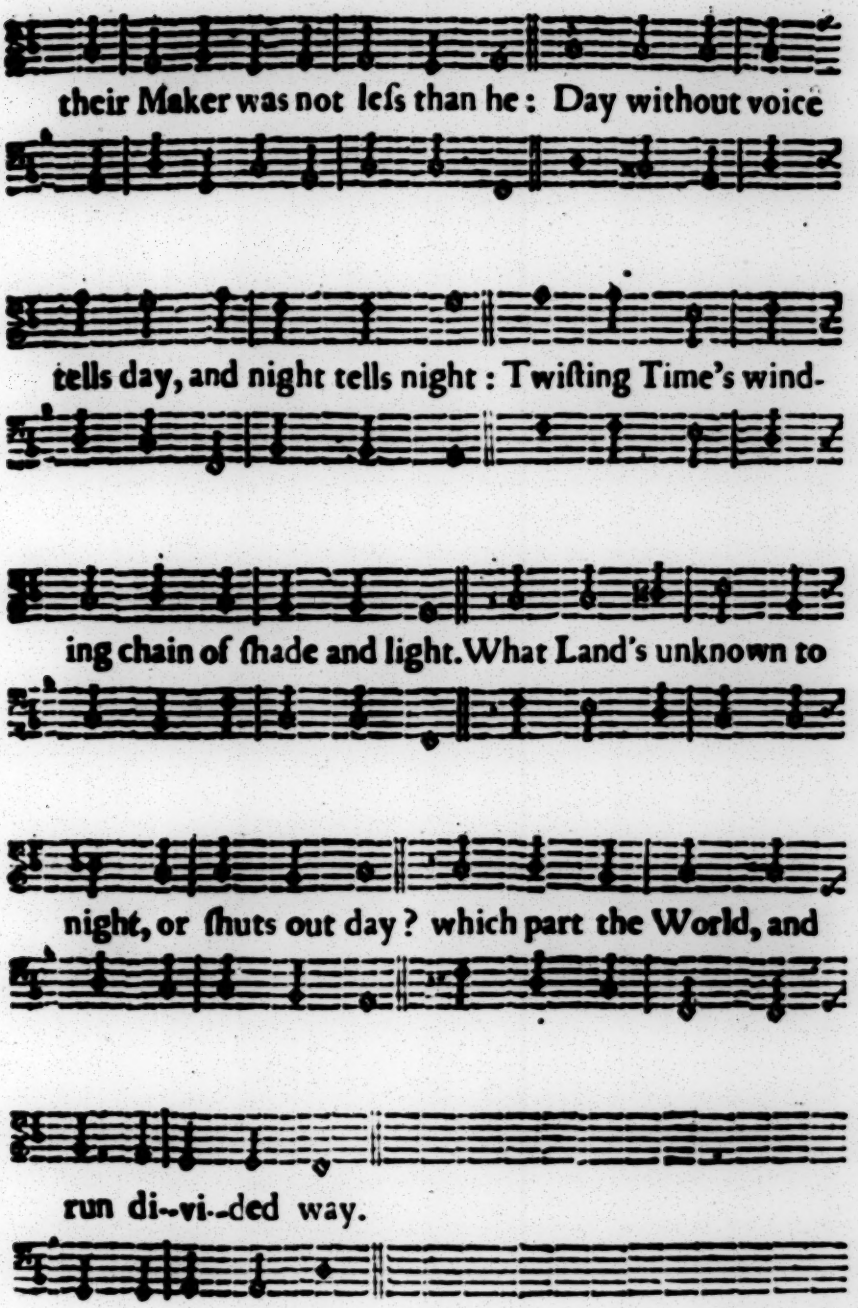
To this Tune may be ſung any Pſalm *whoſe Verſes are five Feet, and their* Stanza *ſix Verſes.*



THE Heav'ns declare a God; th'extended Sky tell that

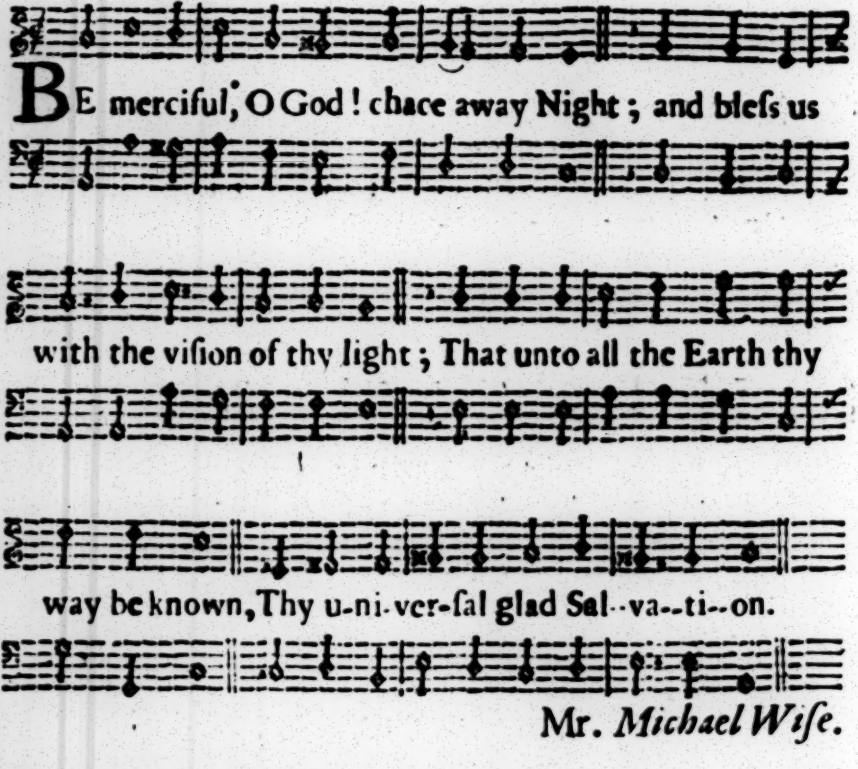


their


their Maker was not leſs than he: Day without voice
tells day, and night tells night: Twiſting Time's wind-
ing chain of ſhade and light. What Land's unknown to
night, or ſhuts out day? which part the World, and
run di--vi--ded way.

PSALM LXVII.

To this Tune may be ſung any Pſalm *whoſe Verſes are five Feet, and its* Stanza *four Verſes.*



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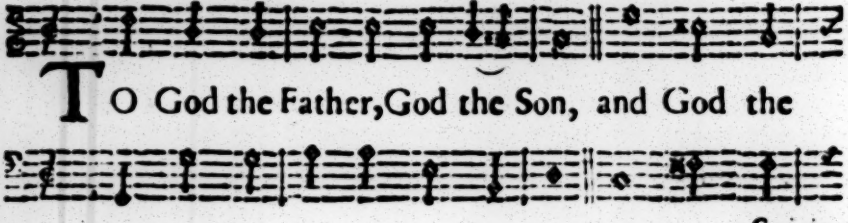
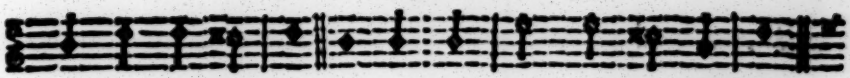
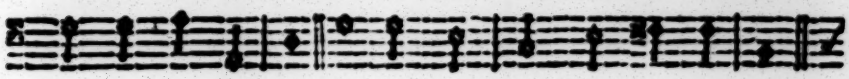
Thoſe Pſalms *whoſe* Verſes *are four Feet, and their* Stanza *four Verſes, may be ſung to the uſual Tune of the* 100 *Pſalm, or of this* GLORIA.



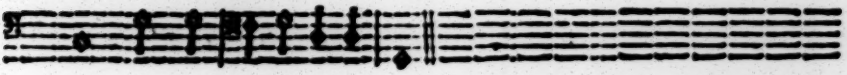
Spirit,



Spirit, Glory be, as was when Time its Race begun,

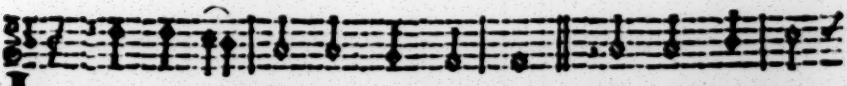


and ſhall be for E ter ni-ty.

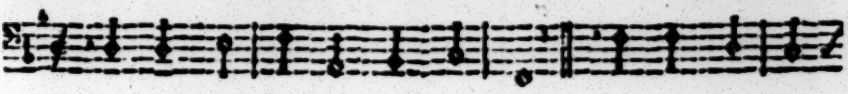


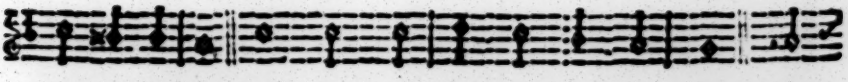
PSALM XV.

To this Tune may be ſung any Pſalm *whoſe Verſes are four Feet, and their* Stanza *ſix Verſes.*

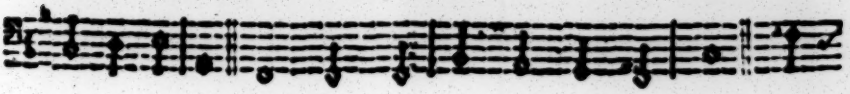


LOrd, who among the Juſt ſhall dwell? Or who reſt on



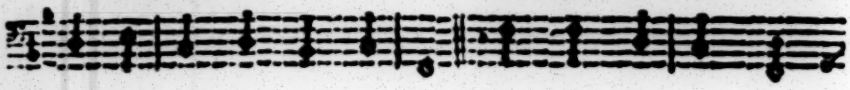


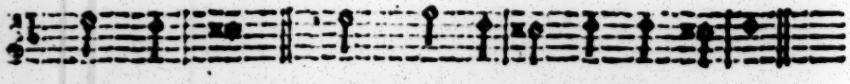
thy holy Hill? He, who a guileleſs life does lead; and



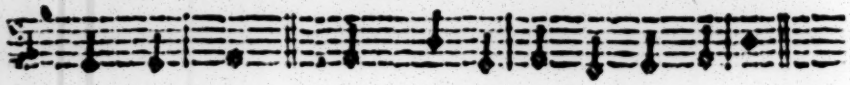
in

in the paths of Juſtice tread : In whoſe firm Soul Truth



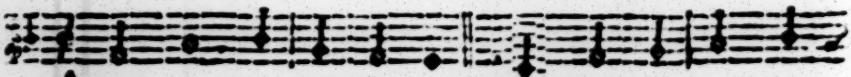


ſets her Throne; whoſe Lip's a-bove de-tracti--on.

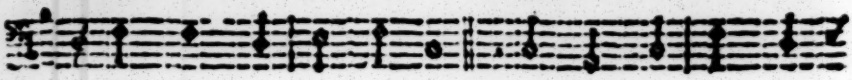


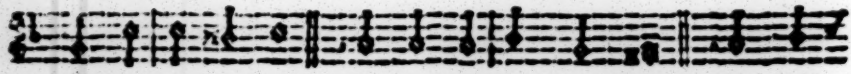
PSALM XI.

Thoſe Pſalms, *whoſe* Verſes *are four Feet, and their* Stanza *eight Verſes, may be ſung to the known Tunes of the* LI. *Pſalm, or the* Lamentation.

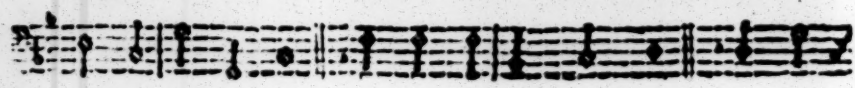


AND cannot God defend ? The God in whoſe Pro-



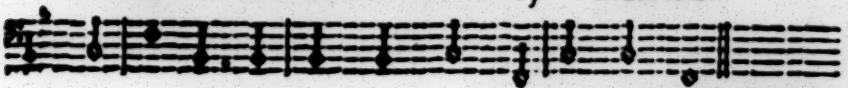


tection I re--lie, cannot He ſuccour lend? But like



a Bird

a Bird to the Hills for ſafe--ty I muſt flie.



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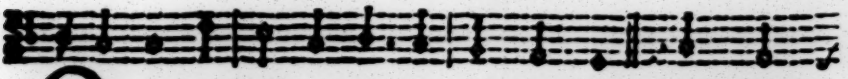
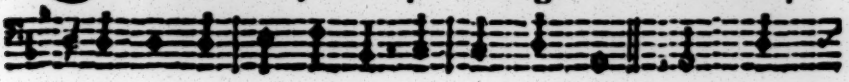
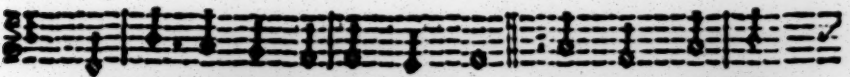
PSALM XLVI.

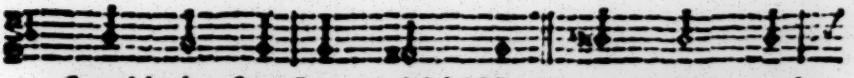


O Preſent ſtill, O ſtill protecting Lord! Who help

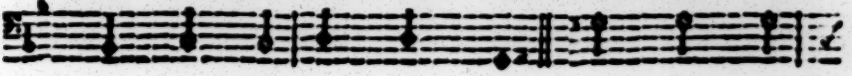


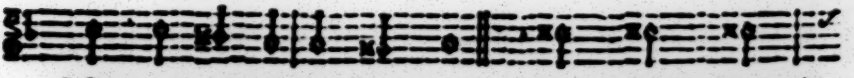


to thy diſtreſſed doſt afford. What can us fright?

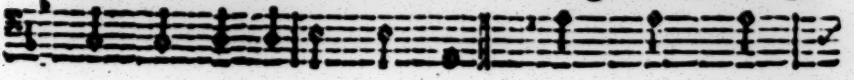


ſhould the fixt Laws o'th' World be broke, and

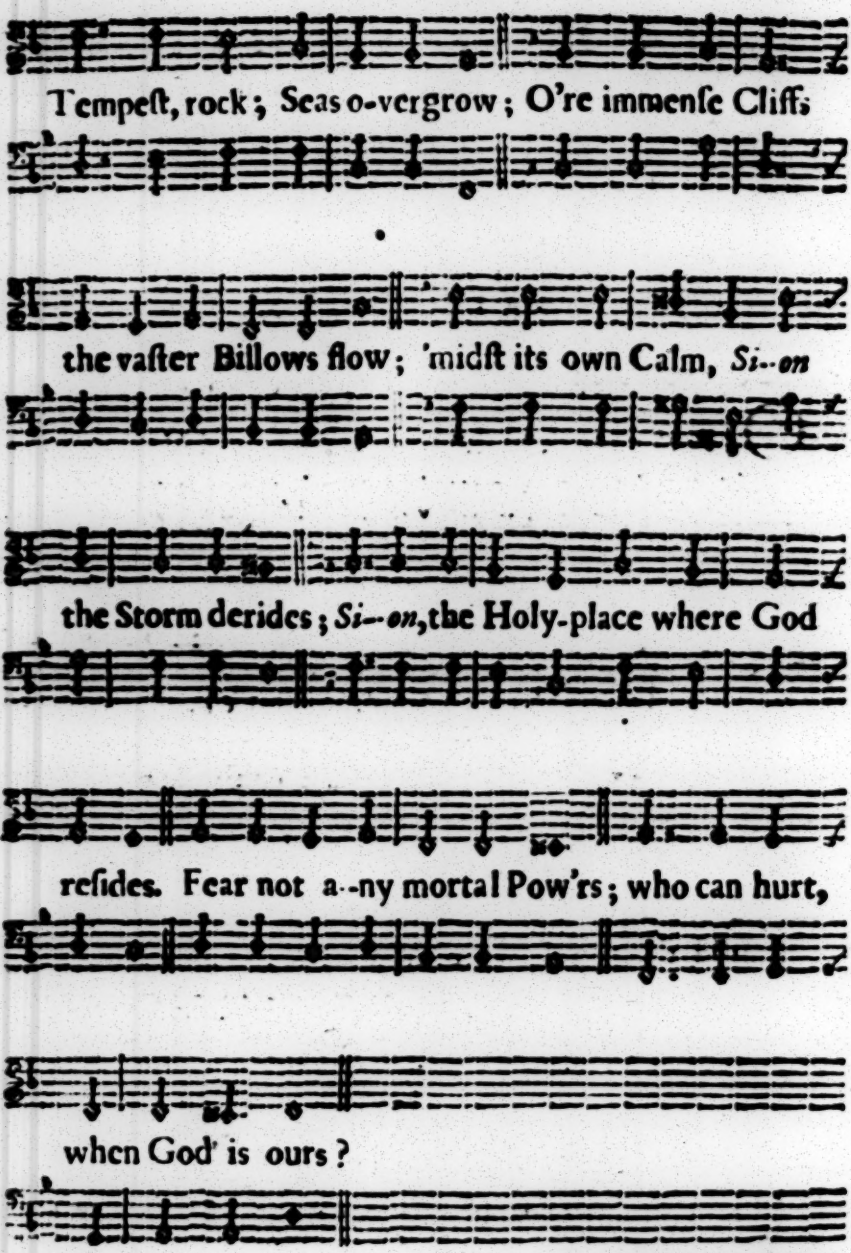




Mountains into Seas be hurl'd: Though Hills through



Tem-



Mr. *Michael Wiſe.*

FINIS.

THE TABLE.

A.		**Psalm**
AD te Domine levavi.	*To thee in whom.*	25
Ad te Domine clamabo.	*O thou my Strength.*	28
Afferte Domino.	*Bring O ye Mighty.*	29
Audite Populc.	*Hear O my People.*	78
Audite hæc omnes.	*Hear O ye Sons of Men.*	49
B.		
BEatus Vir qui non abiit.	*Blessings Crown his fair.*	1
Beati Quorum.	*How blessed, how happy.*	32
Beatus Vir, qui intelligit.	*Who keeps the Poor.*	41
Benedicam Dominum.	*O thou whose Mercies.*	34
Benedixisti Domine.	*Lord thou hast.*	85
Bonum est confiteri.	*How good, how pleasant.*	92
C.		
CÆli enarrant Gloriam.	*The Heavens declare.*	19
Cantate Domino.	*Sing a New Song.*	96
Cantate Domino.	*To New Thanksgivings.*	98
Confitebimur tibi.	*Thy pow'rful Name.*	75
Confitebor tibi Domine.	*With my whole heart.*	9
Conserva me Domine.	*O my sole Refuge.*	16
Cum invocarem.	*O thou who dost the Prayers.*	4
D.		
DEus auribus nostris.	*What wonders mighty God.*	44
Deus Deorum Dom.	*The Lord the God of.*	50
Deus Deus meus ad Te.	*O Lord my God, early.*	63
Deus Deus meus.	*My God, my God.*	22

Deus

Deus in adjutorium.	*Haſt, Lord, make haſt.*	70
Deus in nomine Tuo.	*Save me, O Lord.*	54
Deus judicium tuum.	*Fountain of Juſtice.*	72
Deus miſereatur noſtri.	*Be merciful, O God.*	67
Deus noſter Refugium.	*O preſent ſtill.*	46
Deus quis ſimilis.	*Riſe Lord.*	83
Deus repuliſti nos.	*O Juſt, O moſt Offended.*	60
Deus ſtetit in Synagoga.	*God in the Aſſembly.*	82
Deus venerunt gentes.	*O God into thine own.*	79
Deus ultionum.	*Judge of the world.*	94
Diligam te Domine.	*O my Dear God.*	18
Dixi cuſtodiam vias.	*While the Ungodly.*	39
Dixit Inſipiens.	*The Fool in's heart.*	14
Dixit Injuſtus.	*My heart's convinc'd.*	36
Domine Deus.	*God of Salvation.*	88
Domine Deus meus.	*My God, I put my Truſt.*	7
Domine Dominus noſter.	*How through the world.*	8
Domine in virtute tua.	*Loſt to all help.*	21
Domine ne in Furore.	*When thy juſt Anger.*	6
Domine ne in Furore.	*O do not in thine.*	38
Domine quam multiplicati.	*My God, how do thoſe.*	3
Domine quis habitabit.	*Lord, who among the.*	15
Domine Refugium.	*O thou the Rock.*	90
Domini eſt Terra.	*The Earth is Gods.*	24
Dominus illuminatio.	*Since God's my ſafety.*	27
Dominus Regit me.	*How can I want.*	23
Dominus regnat.	*Cloathed with Glory.*	93
Dominus regnavit.	*God Reigns.*	97
Dominus regnavit.	*God Reigns.*	99

E.

ERipe me de inimicis.	*Save me O God.*	59
Eructavit cor meum.	*Full of the Mighty.*	45
Exaltabo te Domine.	*Great God, thou haſt.*	30
Exaudi Domine juſtitia.	*O Righteous Judge.*	17

Exaudiat te Dominus.	*In thy Great Day.*	20
Exaudi Deus deprecationem	*From out the utmost.*	61
Exaudi Deus Orationem.	*Lord ſave my Life.*	64
Exaudi Deus Orationem.	*Lord hear my Prayer.*	55
Expectans expectavi.	*My Soul with Patience.*	40
Exultate Deo.	*To God our Strength.*	81
Exultate Juſti in Domino.	*To God, ye Juſt Ones.*	33
Exurgat Deus.	*O Juſt, O only Pow'rful.*	68

F.

Fundamenta ejus.	*Upon the Sacred Mount.*	87

I.

Inclina Domine.	*Bow down thine Ear.*	86
In Domino confido.	*And cannot God defend?*	11
In te Domine ſperavi.	*In thee my God.*	31
In te Domine ſperavi.	*O thou in whom alone.*	71
Jubilate Deo omnis Terra.	*Let all the world.*	66
Jubilate Deo.	*O all ye Kingdoms.*	100
Judica Domine nocentes.	*Lord aid thy Servant.*	35
Judica me Domine.	*To thy Tribunal.*	26
Judica me Deus.	*My God, appear for me.*	43

M.

Magnus Dominus.	*Great God, thou'rt.*	48
Miſerere mei Deus.	*O thou whoſe boundleſs.*	51
Miſerere mei Deus quoniam	*Lord, ſnatch me from.*	56
Miſerere mei Deus.	*I have no other Refuge.*	57
Miſerecordias Domini.	*Great God of*	89

N.

Noli æmulari.	*Let not th' Opinion.*	37
Nonne Deo ſubjecta.	*What e'r the Terrour?*	62
Notus *Judæa.*	*In Judah, and*	76

O.

Omnes Gentes plaudite, *Rejoyce O thou Redeemed.* 47

Q.

Quam bonus *Israel.* *It cannot be.* 73
Quam dilecta. *How highly ravishing.* 84
Quare fremuerunt gentes: *Why do Conjederate.* 2
Quemadmodum desiderat: *Not the hard Hart.* 42
Qui Regis *Israel.* *Great Shepherd.* 80
Quid Gloriaris in malitia. *Why, potent wretch?* 52
Qui habitat: *Who the Almighty.* 91

S.

SAlvum me fac Domine. *Help Lord, how great's.* 12
SSalvum me fac Domine. *Save Lord, I'm perishing.* 69
Si vere utiq; Judicium. *Does Justice on your.* 58

T.

TE decet Hymnus Deus. *Praise waits thee, Lord.* 65

V.

VEnite exultemus. *O come and let us.* 95
Verba mea auribus. *Regard my words.* 5
Voce me ad Dominum. *Unto my God.* 77
Usq; quo Domine. *How long, O Lord.* 13
Ut quid Deus. *Hast thou for ever.* 74
Ut quid Domine recessisti. *Why, O my Help.* 10

FINIS.

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Plain, Concave, Convex, } { Projective, Reflective, Refractive.

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